National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

Mrs. Ex-President John Tyler to the Duchess of Sutherland and Others.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Jan. 28.]

TO THE DUTCHESS OF SUTHERLAND AND THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

Your address to your sisters, the women of the United States, on the subject of domestic Slavery, as it exists among us, which has appeared in our public journals, should be acknowledged by some one of the vast number of those to whom it is addressed, without awaiting the publication of the more formal communication. There are some of the concerns of life in which conventionalities are properly to be disregarded, and this is one of them. A reply to your address must necessarily be the work of some one individual among us, or must altogether go unperformed. Woman, in the United States, with but few exceptions, confines herself within that sphere for which the God who created her seems to have designed her. Her circle is, literally and emphatically, that of her family; and such she is content that it shall be. Within that circle her influence is felt over the relations of life, as wife, mother, mistress—and as she discharges the duty of one, or all of these relations, so is she respected or otherwise. To cast a doubt upon her fidelity in any one of them is to excite against her the odium of the community, and, in a great measure, to dethrone her from her high position. She knows nothing of political conventions, or conventions of any other sort than such as are held under suitable pastors of the church, and are wholly directed to the advancement of the Christian religion. Such is emphatically the case with the women of the Southern States. Do you wish to see them, you must visit their homes. Do you desire to ascertain the nature of their employments, you must enter their family circles, and, believe me, good sisters of England, you would find in their Christian deportment, and perfect amiability of manners, enough at once to inspire you with the most exalted respect and esteem. You might find no splendid vestments of dress, no glittering diamonds, no aristocratic displays. No, the vestments they wear are those of meekness and charity, their diamonds are gems of the heart, and their splendour the neatness, and order, and contentment, which everywhere greets the eye; and that neatness, that order, and that contentment, is in nothing more observable than in the well clothed and happy domestics who welcome your arrival, and heap upon you every comfort during your sojourn under the roofs of their masters. You will see then how utterly impossible it would be to expect the women of the United States to assemble in convention, either in person or by proxy, in order to frame an answer to your address. Nay, I must, moreover, in all frankness, declare to you, that the women of the South, especially, have not received your address in the kindest spirit. They regard it as entirely incompatible with all confidence in or consideration for them, to invoke the interposition of the women of what are called the free States, in a matter with which they have no more to do than have yourselves, and whose interference in the question can produce no other effect than to excite disturbance, and agitation, and ill-will, and possibly, in the end, a total annihilation of kind feeling between geographical sections. It is the province of the women of the Southern States to preside over the domestic economy of the estates and plantations of their husbands—it is emphatically their province to visit the sick, and attend to the comfort of all the labourers upon such estates; and it is felt to be but a poor compliment to the women of the South to assert the necessity to introduce other superintendence into their own over the condition of their dependants and servants. They see, too, or fancy they see, in the fact that the address which you have made them was handed to you, already prepared for signature, by the editors of the newspaper press of England, and that, according to the admission of the Dutchess of Sutherland in her opening address to your convention, your convention itself is but the offspring of the same political newspaper press—I say, they see enough in all this to excite not their sympathies but their apprehensions. They also see, or fancy that they see, in your movement, the fingers of your greatest statesmen. The Countess of Derby, the Viscountess Palmerston, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady John Russell, not to mention others of distinction and notoriety, would scarcely be complimented by a supposition that they had signed or openly approved such an address without the concurrence of their husbands. The women of the Southern States are, for the most part, well educated; indeed, they yield not in this respect to any females on earth, and they have peculiar opportunities of acquiring knowledge in regard to the public concerns of the world. Politics is almost universally the theme of conversation among the men, in all their coteries and social gatherings, and the women would be stupid indeed, if they did not gather much information from this abundant source. Hence they are not ignorant of the rapid growth of their beloved country, or of the promises of its future. Their mothers knew this land when it contained but three million of inhabitants, and numbered but thirteen States. Their children know it now as the great confederated republic whose population already equals 26,000,000, and whose dominions are washed by the waters of two oceans. Believe me, that its magnitude now, and its importance in the future, is as fully known to the women of the United States, as it is to your husbands, and editors, and statesmen. Our census tables show a duplication of our population in every cycle of twenty-three years; so that by the time the infant now in the cradle shall have attained to the age of manhood, that population will have increased to 50,000,000; and by the time that same infant attains to middle age, it will have swollen into 100,000,000. We need go no farther in the estimate, in order to unveil that immense future which lies before us—a future unrivalled in point of power by anything the world has heretofore seen—a future which already fixes upon it the intense and steadfast gaze of the statesmen of other countries—a future which unfolds a new destiny, a happier and a brighter one, I trust, for the human family—a future to be regarded with rapture by the lover of man, and which may cause privilege to shiver and tremble with fear in all its fibres and arteries. I allude not to any power of the sword. No, I allude to a power more resistless, and more certain in its results—the power of example—the example of a free, prosperous and great people, among whom all artificial distinctions of society are unknown; where preferment is equally open to all, and man's capacity for self-government is recognised and conclusively established. The women of the United States foresee all this, and they also thoroughly comprehend the fact that all confederacies have heretofore, in the history of the world, been broken up and destroyed by the machinations of foreign governments; and if such has been the fate of other confederacies, how much more vigilant ought we to be, to guard against the fatal results which have attended on others, and to look with suspicion, come from what quarter it may, on all interference in our domestic concerns. If the Achaian and other leagues could not withstand the machinations of the powers of their day, how truly sensitive ought we to be on a point which proved so fatal to them; and if the foreign States, by whom such confederacies were surrounded, felt it to be due to their own safety to destroy them by their machinations, have we not reason to suppose that a tenfold interest is found in our case, in view of the rapid growth of the United States, and in the early development of that future which will clothe this country with all the elements of control in the affairs of the world? Governments and countries which are now looked upon as stars of the first magnitude, will, ere long, if the United States roll on in their present orbit, be secondary and tertiary in the political hemisphere. This is quite as thoroughly known by us as by you, women of England, and therefore you should not be in the slightest degree surprised at the suspicion with which your address is regarded by all the thinking women, not only of the South, but of the whole Union. We know that there is but one subject on which there is a possibility of wrecking the bark of this Union—a possibility, however, which I trust is very remote—and to that very subject you have given your attention; and not only so, but have subscribed an address not prepared by yourselves, as the emanation of your own susceptible hearts, but the admitted production of the newspaper press of England, which affects a mawkish sensibility on a subject with which it has nothing properly to do, and all for ends which every reflecting person cannot fail to understand.

Nor is this suspicion in any degree removed by the fact on which you predicate your address, viz.: the fact that your country inflicted on her then colonies the "curse" of Slavery in opposition to their frequent and solemn protests. In the historical fact you are certainly correct. The colony of Virginia, and, I believe, most of the other colonies, were constant and earnest in their remonstrances; and one of the causes set forth in the Declaration of Independence, as prepared and written by a son of Virginia, was a continuance of the slave trade by the mother country in despite of all remonstrance on the part of the colonies. Thus, then, England not only permitted but encouraged the slave trade, for a period of a century and a half, as a means of swelling her coffers; and the infamous traffic could only be expelled from this country by the force and power of the sword. Your Kings and Queens, sustained by your Parliament and people, entered into treaties, and formed contracts, for the purpose of reaping a rich harvest of profit from the trade—and the voice of the slave-dealer on the shores of Africa was perfect music in their ears, because it was the music of gold told into the treasury, and all merry England danced with joy at the pleasant sound. You have been well informed, doubtless, of the treaties made by your Queen Anne, of "blessed memory," and the crown of Spain, which stipulated a monopoly of the trade in close partnership between those royal personages, to the exclusion of all the world beside. Yes, you are altogether correct in ascribing whatever there is of immorality or crime, in the present condition of the Southern States, to your own England. The colonies remonstrated, and remonstrated in vain, until driven to desperation by her perseverance, they severed the bonds that bound them to England, and established their independence, and abolished the slave trade by their only resource, the power of the sword. The great slave market, in which England had enjoyed a monopoly, was thus lost to her; and from that moment she began to discover that there was something rather immoral in the traffic Before, the slave ship was a stately argosy laden with treasure. The groans of its unhappy victims could not be heard above the surges of the ocean. Soon after, a faint cry could be heard, borne on the winds from Africa's coast; and now, the Parliament House resounds with the clanking of the chains and the cries of the victims. Such the mighty influence of the American Revolution, and such the power of the sword wielded in that ever glorious struggle. I desire to tell you, women of England, plainly, that your address, prepared not by yourselves, but by others, comes, therefore, to us, laden with suspicions, when you advert, as the groundwork of your interference with our domestic institutions, to the fact of the former criminality of England. Would England, with a continuance of a monopoly of the trade over our broad acres up to the present day, have clothed herself in sackcloth and ashes, as she now has done? Where was her humanity and her Christian philanthropy for the long period of 150 years? Our ancestors on this side of the Atlantic thundered, through their remonstrances, at the doors of the Parliament House, and at the gates of her royal palaces—and yet, for all that long period, she had no ears to hear, no heart to understand. No sympathy, and no philanthropy, such as now exists, found place in the stately palace. How has happened all this? It would be well for you to inquire. Doubtless some of your distinguished husbands can give you plausible explanations—at least such as will satisfy politic men, no pride and honour in your aid; but will it be an easy task to convince us that the people of the present generation are better, more moral and more Christian, than all who have gone before them—that your right reverend bishops and prelates are more pure and orthodox than all their predecessors—that your kings and queens, your nobles and gentry, are influenced by a higher spirit of Christianity than all who have preceded them—that your statesman of the present day are superior, in moral excellencies, to those illustrious men who shaped the destinies of England in past times, and left to history undying names? It will be a very, very difficult matter, to furnish us with satisfactory reasons for this great and sudden conversion of a whole people, after losing the American market, on the subject of the slave trade—and we, women of the United States, must ever receive with suspicion all interference in our domestic affairs on the part of the noble ladies of England, or any portion of her inhabitants. Such interference implies either a want of proper and becoming conduct on our part in the management of our negroes, or it seeks to enlist the sympathies of the world against us. Your own address (I have the charity to suppose that it was written in ignorance of the fact, as it is) represents the Southern States as denying to their slaves all religious instruction—a calumny more false was never uttered. So far from it, no Sabbath goes by that the places of worship are not numerously attended by the black population—edifying discourses are delivered to them, and often by coloured pastors, and large numbers of them are in communion with the churches. And yet your tears are made to flow freely over the sad and melancholy privations of the children of Africa, to whom the bread of life is represented as denied. Your assertion could only have been derived from some dealer in, and retailer of, fiction. It is known how readily woman's heart responds to either real or imaginary distress; and when woman joins in the concerns of the busy world, how readily her sympathies become excited by an artificial, as well as a real, picture of human suffering. This sympathy, which makes her the gem of creation, rather disqualifies her as a legislator, and subjects her to be made the instrument of the designing. One fact is incontrovertible, and I recommend it to the consideration of the Duchess of Sutherland, and her compeers of high and low degree: that England, when she had the power to prevent the introduction of negroes into the United States, most obstinately refused to do it; but now that she is deprived of her authority, either to advise or dictate, she sighs and sheds tears, and complains over the injustice and the wrong. The crocodile, good sisters of England, is said to cry most piteously; but woe to the unhappy traveller who is beguiled by its tears!

I have thus attempted to deal candidly with you in disclosing some of the grounds of the suspicions which, in the estimation of many, attach to your proceedings. I will go further, and inform you that it is better for both you and us that we abstain, in future, from all possible interference with each other in the domestic concerns of our respective countries. In the first place, such interference comes with ill grace from either of us, and can be received with no favour. In morals we believe ourselves quite your equals, and, therefore, it sounds harshly in our ears to be admonished by you of our sins, real or imaginary. There is a proud heart in the American breast, which rebels against all assumption on the part of others, although they may wear ducal coronets, or be considered the stars of fashions in foreign courts. Manage your own affairs as best you may, and leave us to manage ours as we may think proper. Each of us will find abundant employment in the performance of our respective duties. If you wish a suggestion as to the suitable occupation of your idle hours, I will point you to the true field for your philanthropy—the unsupplied wants of your own people of England. In view of your palaces, there is misery and suffering enough to excite your most active sympathies. I remember to have seen lately, that there were in the city of London alone 100,000 persons who rose in the morning without knowing where or how they were to obtain their "daily bread," and I remember, also, somewhere to have seen that the Eleemosynary establishment of England costs annually £10,000,000 sterling—a sum greater than that expended by this frugal and economical government of ours, with its army and navy, and civil and diplomatic list. Surely, surely, here is a field large enough for the exercise of the most generous sympathy, the most unbounded charity. Go, my good Dutchess of Sutherland, on an errand of mercy to the poor, the stricken, the hungry and the naked of your own land—cast in their laps the superflux of your enormous wealth; a single jewel from your hair, a single gem from your dress, would relieve many a poor female of England, who now cold, and shivering, and destitute. Enter the abode of desolation and want, and cause squalid wretchedness to put on one smile of comfort, perhaps the first one which has lighted up its face for a lifetime. Leave it to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependants, while you take care of your own. The negro of the South lives comparatively in comparison with the 100,000 of the white population of London. He is clothed warmly in winter, and has his meat twice daily, without stint of bread. Have your working men, women and children as well clothed, and as well fed, and then go to the serfs of Russia and the negroes of America. No, I recant the advice. To the serfs of Russia you will not go. That is an European affair—the affair of a high and imperial monarch, of a rich and powerful aristocracy. The poor serf may toil and labour and stretch his heart strings until they crack in agony, and yet the noble ladies of England will express no sympathy for him, and present no address to their sisters of Russia upon the subject of serfdom. You will in no event disturb yourselves with the past, present, or future condition of the serf. The newspaper press would admonish you of the danger of interfering in that quarter, and the Emperor Nicholas will go unquestioned as to the manner and extent of his royal sway. But, I return to your subject—the state of Slavery in our Southern States—and I tell you, that you are mistaken in supposing that the Southern heart is different from your own in its sympathies and emotions. Believe me, that the human heart is quite as susceptible with us as with you. Moralists, and dealers in fiction, may artificially overdraw and give false colouring, as they are licensed to do; but be not deceived into the belief that the heart of man or woman, on this side of the Atlantic, is either more obdurate or cruel, than on yours. There is no reason, then, why you should leave your subjects in misery at home, in order to take your seat by the side of the black man on the plantations of America. Even if you are horror-stricken at the highly coloured picture of human distress, incident to the separation of husband and wife, and parents, and children, under our system of negro Slavery—a thing, by the way, of rare occurrence among us, and then attended by peculiar circumstances—you have no occasion to leave your own land for a similar, and still harsher, and more unjust exercise of authority. Go, and arrest the proceedings of your Admiralty! Throw your charities between poor Jack and the press-gang! He has fought the battles of England all over the seas. He was at the Nile. He bled and conquered at Trafalgar. He caught your gallant Nelson in his arms as he was falling on the bloody deck; received his last breath, and consigned his remains to the bosom of St. Paul's Cathedral. He has made England what she is, great and powerful. Shall he not, after all this, be permitted to enjoy the sunshine of home, with his wife and little ones, for a single day! He has perilled his life for England—he has returned from a five years' absence in distant seas—his wife and children look with rapture upon his weather-beaten countenance, he holds the loved ones in his embrace, but the press-gang comes, and his fitful dream of happiness is over. If he resists, there are fetters for his limbs! If he talks of England's proudly boasted common law, there is no law for him. Magna Charta is farce, and the Petition of Right a mockery, as far as he is concerned. Go, sisters of England, to your Queen, your Prime Minister, your Parliaments, and your courts, and ask their interference to arrest this moral and political iniquity, and you will be told, "Woman should have no concern with politics—back to your drawing rooms and nurseries."

For answer [illegible] the condition of Ireland, whose population but recently starving for food, which was freely supplied from our granaries, and at this moment craving mercy from avaricious landlords, who, to extend the area of grazing lands, are levelling their humble cottages to the ground, and sending them forth to die upon the public highways. Women of England! go thither with your tender charities. There, on the roadside, sinks an attenuated and exhausted mother, still straining her perishing child to her breast, while the unhappy husband and father, himself foodless and raimentless, sheds drops of agony over the heart-rending scene. Spare from the well-fed negroes of these States one drop of your superabounding sympathy, to pour into that bitter cup which is overrunning with sorrow and with tears. Poor, suffering, down-trodden Ireland! land of poetry and song, of noble feeling and generous emotions—birth place of the warrior, the statesman, the orator—there is no room for you in the sympathizing hearts of the women of England. Let the Celtic race be driven, by starvation, from the land of their fathers, and its exodus would be regarded, not with sorrow, but with joy and gladness by the secret heart of England. "Religious toleration" is but an unmeaning phrase with the people of Great Britain—it extends not beyond the lips. A difference in creed has been the death-blow to Ireland.

I reason not with you on the subject of our domestic institutions. Such as they are, they are ours. "We fear the Greeks though bearing presents." Never was adage more applicable—although professing friendship and sympathy, we cannot consent that England shall mix herself up with our concerns. We prefer to work out our own destiny. When she might have done so, she gave not relief. We asked her for bread, and she gave us a stone. The African, under her policy, and by her laws, became property. That property has descended from father to son, and constitutes a large part of Southern wealth. We desire no intrusion of advice as to our individual property rights, at home or abroad. We meddle not with your laws of progeniture and entail, although they are obnoxious to all our notions of justice, and are in violation of the laws of nature. Would the noble ladies of England feel no resentment if we should address them upon these subjects? And yet is there a certainty that our voice would not be heard by the toiling and landless millions, in favour of a system which we consider more wise, more just, and more consistent with the holy word of God? We, however, preach no crusade against aristocratic establishments. It is enough for us that we do not allow them to exist among ourselves. We are content to leave England in the enjoyment of her peculiar institutions; and we insist upon the right to regulate ours without her aid. I pray you to bear in mind that the golden rule of life is for each to attend to his own business and let his neighbours alone! This means peace, love, friendship. The opposite means hatred, ill-will, contention—it destroys the peace of neighbourhoods, and is the fruitful cause of discord among nations. I must also say to you frankly, that we regard England as an indifferent adviser on the subject of negro Slavery. Her statesmanship, if it be judged by her course of policy in regard to the West India Islands, would giver her no exalted position; unless, indeed, fanaticism be a good adviser, and ruin and desolation evidences of a wise and sound policy. No, we prefer to follow our own conception of what it is proper for us to do. Our eyes are turned across the ocean, not in the direction of England, but to Africa. The footprints of our policy are seen in the colonies there established, already become independent States—in the voluntary emancipation of slaves by our citizens as preparatory of emigration to Africa—a course of emancipation which, from 1790 to 1850, has increased our table in Virginia, of free negroes, in the ratio of 301 per cent, while the white population has only increased 102 1-2 per cent, and the slaves but 64 3-4 per cent. These interesting statistics I extract from a memorial recently presented to the Legislature of Virginia, asking additional aid to further the colonization of freed negroes in Liberia. Thus we seek to retribute the wrongs done by England to Africa, by returning civilization for barbarism—Christianity for idolatry. We desire no such boon as England bestowed on her islands—no blight so abiding, no mildew so destructive—no ultimate war between the races, bloody, desolating, and finally annihilating. Steam is conquering distances, and Africa will be brought nearer and nearer to our shores with each revolving year—and the results of a policy, at once wise and discreet, commencing with slaveholding Virginia, and extensively adopted by the people of the United States, will claim, sooner or later, the admiration of mankind.

America might love England if England would permit her. A common descent, a common language, mutual interests, and, to a great extent, a common heritage of freedom, should draw the two nations together. The disposition of the Southern mind (I speak what I do know) is to cultivate the closest friendship with England. Nearly all of the Southern people are the descendants of the first settlers. They have kindred blood, almost unmixed by emigration, flowing in their veins. Their interests lead them to cherish the principles of free trade. Their cotton, their rice, and other productions of the soil, find extensive markets in Great Britain. They would have them still more free—still more widely open For myself, when I have visited England, it has been with emotions of reverence growing out of the recollections of the historic page. Westminster Abbey, with its undying memorials—the noble monuments of the past scattered over the face of the country—the very ruins spoke of an ancestry alike dear to the American and Englishman. My intermixture of Scotch blood, derived from a leader of two Scottish clans, who lost life, castle and estate in the wars of King Charlie, with the pure Anglo-Saxon, in no degree abated my ardour and enthusiasm, when I looked upon these mementoes of the mighty past, in which so many of us here claim a common interest with you. But, if England will sever these ties; if, instead of cultivating good feeling with us, she chooses rather to subject us to taunt, to ridicule, to insult in its grossest form; and, above all, improperly to interfere in our domestic affairs; if she scatters her nobility among us, first to share our hospitality and then to abuse us; if, what is still worse, she sends her emissaries, in the persons of members of Parliament, to stir up our people to mutiny and revolt; if, which is quite as objectionable, her public press shall incite her women, and the more illustrious for birth the worse it makes the matter, to address us homilies on justice, humanity and philanthropy, as if we had not, like themselves, the advantage of civilization, and the lights of Christianity, with all the desire to cultivate relations of undying amity, the men of the United States, deriving their spirit from their mothers and their wives, may be forced into the adoption of a very different feeling with regard to Great Britain. JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

Sherwood Forest, Virginia, Jan. 24, 1853.

Selections.

THE JERRY RESCUE TRIALS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Jan. 26.

THE Court room was crowded to excess at an early hour. The court convened at half-past 9 o'clock, and the case of Enoch Reed was called.

Henry G. Wheaton, of Albany, appeared as assistant counsel for the prosecution. The names of the jury were called, and

D. D. Hillis argued what rule the court would be guided by in relation to challenging jurors.

Gen. Nye suggested that Judge Nelson had decided that the rules of the higher courts of this State were adopted by the United States Courts, there being no Statute of the United States upon the subject of challenges.

Mr. Colvin, District Attorney of Albany County, who attended for the purpose of assisting in the challenging of the jury, made some suggestions, and the Judge finally decided that he would be guided by the practice of the higher courts. The prosecution were entitled to two peremptory challenges, and defence to five. Counsel for the defence contended that the prosecution were not entitled to peremptory challenges [illegible] following questions in the negative, but was sworn as a juror.

1st. Have you expressed or formed any opinion relative to the matter now to be tried?

2d. Are you sensible of any prejudice or bias therein?

3d. Have you formed an opinion that the Law of the United States, known as the Fugitive Slave Law, of 1850, is unconstitutional, so that you cannot convict a person under it for that reason, if the facts alleged in the indictment are proved and the court hold the law to be constitutional?

4th. Do you hold any opinion upon the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, so called, which will induce you to refuse to convict a person indicted under it if the facts set forth in the indictment are proved against him, and the court direct you that the Law is constitutional?

Objections were made to the questions by counsel for the defence.

District Attorney Lawrence replied that it was proper to ask a juror questions in relation to his opinion upon the constitutionality of any law, and whether he would find a verdict of guilty, even if the facts were proven.

Mr. Hillis suggested that the form of the questions differed from those in the Christiana cases, and he objected to the form.

The Judge thought such questions were proper, and the form might vary according to the circumstances.

Mr. Nye thought there never had been a case in which a juror had been obliged to declare his opinions upon the constitutionality of any law.

The Judge intimated that he would allow the question nevertheless.

Mr. Hillis thought such questions would be a kind of fishing excursion through the jury to find out their opinions upon the Fugitive Slave Law. The court would not allow the defence to pursue such a course.

The Judge proposed, for the purpose of stopping discussion, that the questions of the District Attorney should be considered a challenge.

Alfred G. Smith, after answering the District Attorney's questions in the negative, was sworn as a juror.

John Jones was called, and answered in the negative, and was sworn.

George H. Bentley was called, and, answering in the negative, was sworn.

Charles Witbeck, of Watervliet, answered all questions in the negative, and was sworn.

Wm. McGasson was called and answered all the District Attorney's questions in the negative, and was peremptorily challenged by the defence. The Judge ordered him to be set aside.

David Lester, called, answered in the negative and was sworn.

Ludlam St. John, called and peremptorily challenged by the people.

Mr. Nye asked if the court held that the people had the right of two peremptory challenges.

The Judge said that was his opinion.

Mr. Nye objected to such ruling of the court.

Mr. Colvin suggested that it had been decided both ways.

The Judge held that the people had the right to two peremptory challenges.

Cornelius Waggoner, called, answered in the negative, and was sworn.

Cornelius Vroman, called, answered in the negative, and was sworn.

Briggs Tripp, called, answered in the negative, and was sworn.

—— Houghtaling peremptorily challenged by the defence.

Wm. H. Perry, of Albany, called, answered in the negative, and sworn.

John B. Mosbier, of Coeymans, called, answered in the negative, and was sworn.

Lewis Lookwood, called, and answered that he had formed an opinion in relation to the matter to be tried. He was objected to by the District Attorney, and set aside.

Alanson Bryan, called, stated that he had prejudices which would affect his verdict. He also answered that he did not believe the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional. Set aside.

Joseph Cook, of Albany, called, and answered all questions in the negative, and said he would not bring in a verdict according to law, and not his own convictions. He acted silly, and was allowed to leave the room.

Peter F. Daw, called, and answered all questions in the negative, but was peremptorily challenged by the District Attorney, and set aside.

Hiram Warner, 2d, called, and answered all questions in the negative, and sworn.

The petit jurors in the other cases were requested to leave the court room.

The District Attorney stated that this was to him a new and important case. The indictment charges that the accused had violated the Fugitive Slave Law by assisting in rescuing from the officers of the United States Government a person named "Jerry," alleged to be a fugitive from labour, in the State of Missouri, while said Jerry was in the custody of the officers of the United States Government, at Syracuse, on the first day of October, 1851. The accused were also indicted for resisting the officers of the United States Government. Much excitement existed in particular sections of the country upon this subject, created and kept alive by fanatical persons and publications. He proceeded to read several counts of indictments, and entered into a lengthy account of the arrest of Jerry, and his rescue from the hands of the officers. He stated that Lear had visited Syracuse in September with papers for the arrest of Jerry, but the documents were found defective, and the arrest was delayed until the proper papers could be procured from Missouri. These papers arrived on the first day of October, and the arrest was made. An Abolition Convention was in session at the time, and it has been intimated that this day had been selected for the purpose of insulting the Convention. There was no foundation for this intimation, as the arrest was made as soon as the proper papers arrived. He detailed the circumstances attending the arrest, and alluded to the circumstance of the military having been called out by the Sheriff, but the order was countermanded by their superior officers, and this seemed to be a signal for the attack upon the police office. He should attempt to prove that the prisoner, Enoch Reed, had assisted in breaking into the office and carrying off the fugitive, and in various ways had assisted in the rescue of Jerry from the hands of the United States Government. He was aware that in the Northern Staes a strong prejudice existed against the law under which the prisoner was indicted, but the jury should be guided by the law so long as it remained in the Statute Book. The law is consistent with the Constitution of the United States, which expressly declares that "fugitives shall be delivered up." It is the duty of all good citizens to obey the laws notwithstanding the prejudice that may exist against them. He closed by stating that he expected to prove that the accused was one of the most violent in the rescue of the fugitive from the officers of the United States.

Joseph F. Sabine, called and sworn as a witness—Is a U. S. Commissioner and resides in Syracuse, holds his appointment under Judges Conkling and Nelson; appointed in June, 1850, and is a Commissioner at the present time.

Mr. Hillis asked for evidence of his authority to act.

Mr. Nye denied that the court had any authority to create a judicial officer. It appeared by the testimony of the witness himself, that he was appointed previous to the passage of the law under which we are to be tried. Could the court by an order speak an officer into existence clothed with powers equal to itself, and whose decisions were final? In matters of far less importance than this, it had been required that the officer should prove the authority under which he acted.

The Judge said it was not necessary to show the authority of any officer. It was only necessary to prove that he was acting in the capacity of an officer. It had been the practice of the courts since 1812, to appoint the U. S. Commissioners, and he should hold the appointment from that source as competent. The fourth section of the Fugitive Slave law provides that all Commissioners holding office under the former law should be authorised to act under the fugitive law. The objections were all overruled and Jerry was [illegible] arrest of Jerry which have been Allen, and the [illegible] proceeded to read all the warrants and other 11 o'clock in the forenoon and continued over an hour; counsel for Jerry raised some law points, and time was required to examine authorities; the room was densely crowded, and it was impossible to continue the examination there; I adjourned the court until after dinner: after the adjournment "Jerry very unceremoniously got out of the room;" he was brought back to the office of the police Justice in about an hour, where the examination was resumed, about half past 5 o'clock, and continued until after 7 o'clock; counsel for the claimant made several motions to adjourn; counsel for Jerry insisted upon going on; after dark stones were thrown into the window from outside; the room was on a level with the ground; the ground sloped up to it; stones increased in frequency, and quite a volley came into the windows at one time; the doors and windows were all one; about 20 minutes after seven the examination was adjourned until the next morning at 9 o'clock; a large crowd were assembled in front of the police office; there was some shouting; I went out in company with Mr. Hillis, counsel for defendant; Mr. Hillis made a speech to the crowd, and I took his arm and walked through the crowd; I saw Jerry carried past the Syracuse House where I boarded, about an hour afterwards; don't know who had him; he never returned.

Cross-examined—One of the counsel for Jerry was arguing a law point at the time of the adjournment; it is my impression that the counsel for Jerry objected to an adjournment on the ground that the arrest was a summary proceeding, and should be disposed of summarily; the crowd was very large; the volley of stones spoken of was not one stone, but a number, and disturbed the counsel quite as much as the Commissioner.

H. W. Allen, Dep. Marshal, sworn—I received the warrant, and arrested Jerry, in the first ward of Syracuse. Henry Fitch, of Rochester, Mr. Swift, of Albany, Mr. Bemis, of Canandagua, and Amos Gillet, of Syracuse, accompanied me and assisted in making the arrest. Jerry was taken to the Commissioner's office; there was a crowd there; the examination commenced and continued for some time; some persons suggested that there should be a larger room; an adjournment took place; as soon as the adjournment was announced, my attention was drawn to the prisoner by the remark of some one, that "your prisoner is going," and there was a perfect rush towards the door; by the time I got to the door most of the crowd was out. Some person attempted to close the door to prevent me from going out. One person caught me around the waist; another by the throat; when I got down stairs the crowd was some distance off. I had been out of health some time; passing down the walk, I saw a person have hold of one of the Deputy Marshals; Jerry was brought back to the Police office in half or three quarters of an hour, and the examination was resumed; the crowd gathered outside in large numbers; a large number came into the office; as soon as it was dark, the crowd from outside commenced throwing stones; and soon after the examination was adjourned; Jerry was then taken into the back room (a Diagram of the building was presented to the Jury and explained by the witness); Jerry was taken into the back room to have him secure: the windows were being broken in; some of the police officers attempted to put up the blinds to the windows; stones as large as a man's fist were thrown in; the military were expected out; I went to the armory; I informed them that they must get ready as soon as possible and come out; I then went back to the Police office, and remained there for a short time; information came to me that the military had been disbanded, and were not coming out; I then started with Mr. Fitch to go to District Attorney's office, and got as far as the door of the police office; I passed through the crowd perhaps two rods from the steps, and halted, expecting Mr. Fitch, but he did not come. In about two minutes after, the door and windows of the police office were broken in; pistols were fired; I thought from both inside and outside of the building; the crowd made a rush into the office and brought the negro out; it was not more than two or three minutes from the time the crowd went in until Jerry was brought out; he was taken away by the crowd, and I have not seen him since. I was requested to procure assistance by Mr. Lear, agent of the claimants; I requested the Dep. Marshals already named to assist, and also Peter Way, R. K. Lowell, E. Ormsby, G. A. Green, Chas. R. Woodruff, J. W. Jones, B. L. Higgins, H. Shattuck, Sylvester House, and others. The arm of Marshal Fitch was broken; Chas R. Woodruff was hurt; his head was injured, his nose was hurt, and he had several scars on his person.

Cross-examination—The Deputies who accompanied me to the first ward arrived at Syracuse the evening before the arrest; I saw Mr. Lear about three weeks before the arrest; the Deputies came at my request for the purpose of making the arrest; I did not send a written notice to any person the day before the arrest; I found Jerry in a cooper's shop in the first ward, where he was employed; I did not go into the shop; Fitch and Gilbert went in; Mr. Bemis had the warrant; do not know what they told him he was arrested for; did not tell him what he was arrested for until after he was ironed; made no excuse for ironing him; he was ironed in the shop; not by me; we went in one two-horse carriage and two buggy wagons; do not know on what pretence he was ironed; think the adjournment took place before two o'clock; that is my impression; cannot speak confidently; do not know who took hold of me when I tried to go out, or who shut the door; do not know who had hold of the marshal; saw John Phillips standing in the police office door as I came out, and walked out with him; did not recognise any one else; I had an overcoat that did not belong to me; I had a cap on that did not belong to me; I had not been farther than two rods from the office when the negro was brought out; I was on the walk leading to the Townsend Block; I was not in the bar-room of the Syracuse House when Jerry was brought out; I stood on the walk a few minutes; there was a great crowd; it did not extend quite to me; it extended farther in the direction of the bridge; I had a distinct view of the crowd; I did not go to the District Attorney's office; thought it was not much use after the negro had been taken away; the District Attorney's office is only a short distance from the police office; Woodruff, Jones and several others were in the front room when I left; the city was very full of people; there was an Abolition State Convention in Syracuse that day; the County Fair was also held there that day, and many strangers and people from the country were in town; I was at the Citizens' Corps Armory about 7 o'clock; I believe the Citizens' Corps and National Guards occupied the same Armory; I went to the Armory to see that they came out, and to give them some money; I gave them three dollars and a half to buy cartridges; the money was my own; I never made any charge of it; I was not directed to furnish cartridges by any authority; I urged them to come out as soon as they could; this was after the adjournment of the court for the evening and between 7 and 8 o'clock; I made no attempt to remove the prisoner to any place except the back room; he was ironed, and had been all the time since his arrest; additional irons were put on his arms and legs after his arrest; his clothes were torn some on his recapture in the afternoon; he had no coat.

District Attorney objected to these questions as immaterial.

Mr. Sedgwick desired to test the witness' recollection of the circumstances.

The Judge thought this had been done sufficiently.

Cross-examination proceeded—Think it was not later than five o'clock when Jerry was brought back to the police office; he was re-taken near the Lodi street bridge; I did not see him retaken; don't know how he was brought back; I returned the warrant to the Commissioner; I have no recollection of taking it after I returned it to the Commissioner; Mr. Lear's request to procure assistance was a general one; he had been at Syracuse about three weeks; my impression is that it was about 6 o'clock when Jerry was taken from the police office; cannot swear positively as to the time; the police officers attempted to put up the blinds before the breaking in commenced; when the fugitive was first arrested nothing but a pair of handcuffs were put on him.

In reply to a question of Henry G. Wheaton, of Albany, assistant counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Allen said his reasons for not going to the police ed the Court until 3 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

James R. Lawrence, Jr., sworn—Reside at Syracuse; was counsel for the claimants of Jerry and attended the examination before Commissioner Sabin; the examination was commenced at the Commissioner's office, and adjourned by Mr. Sabin, I think, for one hour. After the adjournment, Mr. Hillis requested the persons present to leave the room; Mr. May made some remarks about going to his church, soon after the adjournment the negro made his escape; as he was going, J. H. Brand called to Marshal Allen that his prisoner was escaping; Jerry succeeded in making his escape; Mr. Allen went past me, and I waited until the crowd had left before I went out; I next saw Jerry crossing Salina street on a cart, and went to the police office and found him there in custody of the Marshal and his assistants; there was a crowd about the office; I notified Mr. Sabin that Jerry had been retaken, and suggested that the examination should be resumed; it was resumed, and after some time, stones were thrown into the windows; about dark I made a motion to adjourn, which was opposed by defendant's Counsel; stones began to come faster, and the examination was adjourned until the next morning, and I left the police office and went out upon the steps; there was a large crowd in front of the office, and a man was making an Abolition speech; I saw the crowd from a distance rush into the office and when they came out, heard chains rattling but could see no one, the crowd rushed down Water street and went on the sidewalk near Longstreet's store.

Henry Fish sworn—I am Deputy Marshal of this District, reside at Rochester, was at Syracuse on the first of October, arriving there the evening before the arrest, and assisted in making it; Jerry was taken to the Commissioner's office and an examination gone into; Mr. Gibbs, of Washington County, appeared as counsel; the room became very much crowded and noisy, and I suggested that it be adjourned to some place where there was more room; the noise continued, and after a short time the Commissioner adjourned the examination; some one requested the crowd to leave, but there seemed to be no disposition to go; some one in the crowd remarked that they should not leave until they took Jerry with them; Mr. Sabine renewed the request to the crowd to leave, but there appeared to be no disposition to leave; I stood near Jerry, and Gerrit Smith stood at my left hand; I turned to Mr. Smith to request him to speak to the crowd, and while I was speaking to Mr. S., Jerry started, and I attempted to follow him, but was prevented by the crowd, and did not get out for ten or fifteen minutes; I next saw Jerry at the Police office; a crowd of persons were around the building and I heard some shouting; during the examination stones were thrown through the windows, and the Commissioner finally adjourned the examination until next morning; the crowd remained outside, most of it on the bridge, which was well filled.

About an hour after the adjournment Mr. Allen, Mr. Phillips, and myself, started to go to the District Attorney's office, and I went out to see how things looked outside; as I got on the ground the crowd commenced breaking in the door windows; I had left Marshal Swift and some others whom I did not know with the prisoner, and I went back to render any assistance I could, and went inside of the police office; about the time I entered the office the crowd had effected a partial entrance through the windows; I went into the back room

nearest the door drew back; at the second fire my hand was a little out of the door and the revolver was knocked out of my hand; the crowd then commenced breaking down the partition between the two rooms; the partition began to give way and splinters were flying: Jerry said he thought if he went to the door they would desist; he did go to the door and told them to stop; I also told them to desist; the crowd struck Jerry; it was quite dark: Jerry said the crowd would kill him, and I took him by the shoulder and pulled him back into the room; the crowd were then up to the door, and I told them to leave there or I would shoot them; they drew a little back, and I thought discretion the better part of valour, and got out of the window; my arm was broken when I attempted to ward off the blow; I dropped down on the stone walk; the distance was farther than I anticipated; no one was there and I went a short distance to a lumber yard and there met a crowd, and first thought to get away from them by runing, but finally met them and exchanged some conversation with them; they threatened me; some had clubs; but I made them believe I was not the man they wanted, and they finally left me, and I went to the Globe Hotel with assistance.

Cross-examination—I did not know what I was sent for to go to Syracuse, but suspected that it was to arrest a fugitive; Mr. Allen had told me that he expected to have a case and wanted my assistance; I went to the First Ward to arrest Jerry; Mr. Bemis and Mr. Gillet went with me; we went in a hack; no one went to identify Jerry; I believe Mr. Hollister, police constable, and Marshal Allen were a short distance from there; I had no process; I assisted Mr. Bemis in ironing him; he made no resistance, was very peaceable; I did not tell Jerry what he was arrested for until after he was in the carriage; Jerry was told that "*those women up town had made another complaint against him, and he must go before the Squire;*" Mr. Allen was not in sight, but came up after Jerry was in the carriage, and I think he came with us to the Commissioner's office; Jerry was told what he was arrested for, before he had been taken ten rods from the place of his arrest; Lear went with us to make the arrest.

I think there was some firing before I went out of the office with Mr. Phillips and Dep. Marshal Allen: my impression is that the firing was after the adjournment, but my recollection is not distinct on this point; I did not know my arm was broken until I went to the Globe Hotel. I think there were no grindstones directly under the window when I dropped down; I let myself down full length and then dropped, held on by *both hands*; my pistol had six barrels loaded. Bemis was armed; Lear was not in the room: recollect that the counsel for Jerry requested the Commissioner to have Lear disarmed, but I saw him have no weapons; the Commissioner declined to interpose; saw Lear take shackles out of his pocket; don't know who furnished shackles to iron Jerry; they were not mine.

David S. Geer sworn—I was at the police office on the 1st of October; saw Enoch Reed two or three times that day; saw him break a light with a club; the light was in one of the front doors nearest the canal; it was a short time before the crowd rushed in; I did not go in; did not see anything more of him after he broke the light; don't know whether he went; the lights were put out and there was quite a rush, there were several others at the same door; there was a plank there; this was a few minutes before they brought Jerry out; I heard some firing inside of the office; saw the police office next day; the doors and partition were broken down in several places; saw Enoch Reed before that, but did not see him do anything; he had some conversation with me; he came up where myself and John Featherly were standing, and asked Mr. Featherly if the militia had been disbanded. Featherly said he was certain they had been, for he was one of the military himself. Enoch then said, "if that is true, we will have him at any rate." I advised him to go home and not get into a scrape; he had a club; it looked like a cart stake; don't know what reply he made to me at this time; did not see him do anything more.

Cross-examined—I was between the canal and the police office when Enoch spoke with us, at the outside of the crowd. John Featherly and myself were conversing when he came up; saw a good many of our citizens there that I knew; Wm. Brewster, Mr. Thompson, and several others; speeches were being made on the steps about the time I saw Reed; don't remember who was speaking at that time; a coloured man made a speech. I was there before tea and after it, and was at the Townsend Block at the time of the first rescue; don't recollect anything about Reed's dress; don't know whether he had a cap or a frock; don't recollect whether he had whiskers; I am not very well acquainted with Enoch; have frequently heard his voice; do not associate with him; he never worked for me, or in my neighbourhood, that I know of; I sold him a padlock two or three years ago; he has been into the store, and I think I have sold him nails frequently; cannot tell what time; think I remember selling him nails within a year; think I sold him nails before the rescue; can't tell whether they were eightpenny's or tenpenny's; don't remember doing any other business with him; think I have repaired locks for him; never went with him on a pleasure excursion; never had any other business with him; did not know where he lived at that time; think the night was star-light; it was not very dark. I stood near the centre of the street that goes over the bridge; there was a crowd, and considerable moving about at that time; did not know whether Enoch had a frock on; don't notice people's dress; I was not doing anything at that time but looking on; don't know who stood by me; think a man by the name of Thompson stood by me; think the man I saw striking was using only one hand; don't know which hand he was using; think it was his right; I was standing about in front of the hall door leading to the police office; one side of Reed's face was turned towards me a few seconds; the steps were full of people; no others were striking at the windows, that I know of; I saw a plank and heard the glass rattle; think that was just after I saw Enoch; the people with the plank were a little south of him; I do not remember recognising any one but Enoch and Thompson; think there was no one at the north door when I saw Enoch; the steps come down to the street; the street is rounding, and lowest at the steps; I had been standing there only a short time when I saw Reed; I was moving about; there was quite a crowd where I stood; I am about 5 feet 8 inches high; I never testified in this matter before; I have been subpœnaed before; I have spoken about it in my store about two or three weeks afterwards; several persons were in there telling what they saw; the Attorney for the claimant of Jerry (Jas. R. Lawrence) has an office in my building; think the steps are three feet and a half high; Reed's head was above the crowd; I supposed he was standing upon something; there is a step from the platform to the bottom of the door; presume he stood upon that.

O. C. Shuart sworn—I reside in Syracuse; was at the Police; saw Reed there with a cart stake; I was on the outside; saw Enoch go in the office, and followed him; it was through a door window, about the centre of the building; after he got in, it was so dark I could not see anything; did not hear him say anything; saw him striking at the door window with the cart stake before the crowd rushed in; the crowd rushed in and I followed them, told them they would be shot, and they stepped back; I stepped back with them; they rushed up again, and I went up again with them; I can't tell how many windows there are; think there is three; there is a hall besides the windows; the door Enoch was striking was the one I went in at; I followed him in.

Cross-examined—I was in the Police Office before that time; had been out and in several times; I had been there from about four o'clock; Mr. Allen asked me to assist him; think Allen was not in the office when I went out; did not see Allen, Phillips or Fitch when they went out; saw Cobb in the front room; Orrin Welsh was at the back room door; Jones and Hollister, I think, stood at the half door; I went out at the hall door; there were a dozen or half a dozen coloured persons on the platform at that time; there were not many persons there; they fell back when the gun was fired; Reed was at the window nearest the hall door when I saw him; I was out only a few minutes when I saw him; I was not two rods from the steps all the time; I stood at the foot of the steps when the gun was fired; was on the steps when I saw him strike the window; don't know whether he struck more than once; I was trying to stop them; this was before any one had got through the door; they all rushed back when the gun was fired; it was half a minute before they rushed in; did not notice who had hold of the plank; I remained in the room until Jerry was taken away; there was no light in the office; a light was on the corner of the street; saw other faces that I recognised, but took more notice of Enoch because I told him of it next morning; I have been examined before in this matter; I was examined at Auburn; don't recollect whether Enoch was mentioned in an affidavit; I made an affidavit at the District Attorney's office before I went to Auburn; don't remember whether I swore to the affidavit or not; I answered all Mr. Lawrence asked me about the matter at the time; I did not hear anything said at the time; Reed had on a calico shirt and a round wool black hat, no coat; don't know whether he had a vest; I saw his shirt sleeves; I tried to keep the crowd back; they made one rush before I got up; my face was towards those I was trying to keep back; it was a long time and my face was turned in all directions; think the north window was broken in with the plank; it was before the rush that I saw Reed striking; it was not the window that the plank went through that Enoch struck; he went in at the window he struck, but not at the time.

Direct resumed—Heard Enoch talking about it the next morning, and I told him he was in the scrape too, as bad as any of them, that I saw him striking the window; there was no partition at the window where I went in; it led directly into the Police Office and not into the back room; I think the map is a correct one, but I supposed there were three windows to the room; there was a picket railing in the room, and I went in north of the railing; the crowd went in at both doors; don't remember whether the railing is at the centre of the double window or north of it; did not notice whether the railing was up or down when I went in; I went there the next morning and got my coat; I did not notice the railing; I was looking for my coat; it was hung up in the back room, and some one put it around Jerry; it was bloody when I found it.

At the close of his examination, the court adjourned until 9 o'clock to morrow morning.

[To be continued.]

A SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE

A CASE of abduction, under the forms of law, occurred in this city last week, which, from the high official position of one of the persons who was a party to it, and the elevated station of another whose authority was used to accomplish it, has excited a deep interest in the community. It was that of Richard Neal, a worthy coloured man, who has lived in the employ of Townsend Sharpless, for the last two or three years, as coachman.

Richard was formerly a slave of the Chestons, in Anne Arundel County, Md, but was liberated by the family to whom he belonged, and subsequently married to a female slave in the possession of Commodore Isaac Mayo, whose estate lies immediately adjacent. After some time, Richard removed to Philadelphia with a view to procuring the means of purchasing his wife and children. Before he succeeded in accomplishing this, his wife ran away with her children and got as far as Baltimore, where she was recaptured. She and her family were there sold by Commodore Mayo, to different parties, who carried them to various places in the South.

Several persons in Philadelphia took a deep interest in Richard's case, and among them Dr. Caspar Morris, whose wife was a Cheston and one of Richard's former owners. The sum of 3,000 was raised, including some $400 or $500 which Richard had earned by his labour, and with this money the wife and children were purchased back, and the family reunited. They have been living happily and respectably in this city from that time up till Wednesday of last week. On the forenoon of that day, while Richard was at work at the stable of his employer, he was called to the door by one who pretended to have business with him, and on presenting himself was seized by two persons who announced that they were officers with authority to arrest him.

This was all done so quietly and with such well managed secrecy, that the family knew nothing about it till some hours afterwards. They missed Richard of course, and could not imagine what had become of him. At length they learned that he had been arrested by two police officers, and, supposing that it might be on a false allegation that he was a fugitive, they went forthwith to the office of Commissioner Ingraham and enquired if there had been a "slave case" there that day, to which it was answered there had not; which was literally true, though the case of Richard had been before the Commissioner for advice. Of this he did not inform them, and they went further. At length they found out that he was in possession of Com. Mayo and certain police officers, and that the party had started in a carriage—being too late for the afternoon Baltimore train—in the direction of Maryland. On learning these facts, the friends of Richard made haste and procured a writ of habeas corpus from one of our County Judges—Judge Thompson—which was placed in the hands of an officer for execution. Two gentlemen, who took an active interest in the case, accompanied the officer. They took the 10 1-2 P. M. train of cars, hoping to intercept the Mayo party at Chester, which they fortunately succeeded in doing. Mayo's officers, with their prisoner, accompanied by Commodore Mayo in person, were about to enter the cars as they landed. They prevented their doing so, and the officer read his writ. They said they would not regard the writ, as they had a warrant under the requisition of the Governor; upon this the two gentlemen each took hold of an arm of the prisoner to prevent them from carrying him off, while the other party seized him at the same time and pulled him towards the cars. The train had but five minutes in all to stop, and it was a question of muscular strength which party should succeed; one party pulled and pushed one way while the other party pulled and pushed the other; and thus the contest lasted till the whistle of the engine and the starting of the train put an end to it. At sight of the departing train, the Commodore became furious; "I will give a hundred dollars," he vociferated, "if the cars will stop one minute," but it was all in vain; the cars were off, and the party were left still on Pennsylvania soil. During the scuffle, there had been many spectators standing by, who, though they took no active part in the conflict, seemed deeply interested in the result. Some were in favour of the coloured man, but quite as many seemed to sympathize with his abductors. The constable to whom was committed the execution of the habeas corpus withdrew after reading his writ, and was not again seen till the excitement was over. The officers on the other side were not so passive. One of them went so far as to raise his mace over the head of one of the gentlemen above referred to, threatening to strike him; "do if you dare," calmly said the latter. The officer took counsel of discretion and forbore.

When the train had fairly gone, the parties all adjourned to the tavern, which was close by, where, after some discussion and a good many high words, it was concluded to put the man in jail for safe-keeping till morning. Mayo seemed very anxious to get on with his prisoner, and the friends of Richard, who had concluded to come back to Philadelphia in the midnight train for authority to act that would be more unquestionable, were much afraid that in the meantime he would be given up. They were assured, however, that he should be kept safe. "We have not forgot," said one man, addressing himself to Mayo, "your treatment of the Parker girls and the murder of Joseph Miller." "We will see," said another to the friends of Richard, "that he is not taken away till you shall have had time to get to Philadelphia and take counsel." With these assurances the friends of Richard proceeded to Philadelphia, where they arrived about one o'clock in the morning. They went to the house of Peter McCall, Esq., roused him from bed, and with his advice and assistance, though not without a good deal of difficulty on account of the lateness of the hour, they succeeded in getting a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Lowrie of the Supreme Court of the State. This they put into the hands of two officers, who started off to Chester about daylight to execute it. They found the prisoner still in jail, and no objections being made by Mayo or his party, they returned with the man to Philadelphia, the Commodore accompanying them. Arrived in the city, Richard was placed in the Mayor's lock-up to await a hearing of the habeas corpus. In the meantime the facts of the case which led to his abduction were ascertained and some of them published in the morning papers.

It appears that the charge on which he was arrested was that of having "persuaded and enticed away" a number of Mayo's slaves. At first it was hardly credited that this could be the allegation, as Mr. Sharpless and his family were ready to testify that Richard had never been a day absent from home during the 3 years that he had been in their employ. But it proved that the offence was alleged to have been committed in 1849, and it seems that Richard's own wife and children, whom Mayo afterwards sold, were the slaves declared to have been enticed away. If Mayo actually believed this to be the fact, it is somewhat of a mystery that he did not proceed against Richard years ago, instead of allowing him to live in peace with his family until now. The manner in which he procured the requisition is also somewhat extraordinary. The proof of the offence having been committed was established in Maryland by a single witness, and that witness was one of Commodore Mayo's own slaves. When we remember that one feature of the slave code is that a black man's testimony may be received against one of his own colour, but not against a white man, and that another is that "a slave is one who is *in the power* of the master to whom he belongs," we can have no difficulty in seeing how a charge of this or any other kind could be made out against Richard if Commodore Mayo should choose to have it so. On this testimony the proof of the offence was made out in due form, and, as a matter of course, with the proper papers, there was no difficulty in procuring a requisition from Governor Lowe, of Maryland, upon the Governor of Pennsylvania. But here we might have supposed the matter would have stopped. That a Governor of Pennsylvania, having a proper regard for the honour and interests of the commonwealth committed to his charge, should, under the circumstances, comply with this requisition, either with or without making himself acquainted with the facts in the case, was a thing not to be expected. Nevertheless the thing was done, and it was under the authority of Governor Bigler that Richard Neal was stealthily waylaid and carried from his friends and family to suffer an unknown doom in the land of Slavery. These are some of the circumstances which mark the case and give it a special flagrancy.

But to recur to the habeas corpus. The writ was returnable to the Supreme Court from which it was taken and came up for a hearing on Friday morning. The following report of the proceedings we take from the *Evening Bulletin*:

FRIDAY, Jan. 28.

SUPREME COURT.—Chief Justice Black, and Judges Lewis, Lowrie, and Woodward.—*The alleged fugitive from justice.*—This morning, the case of Richard Neal, an alleged fugitive from justice from the State of Maryland, was called up for hearing, on the writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Lowrie.

District Attorney Wm. B. Reed said he held in his hand the writ and the return of the officers who have him in custody. The writ is directed "to Capt. Mayo, and the person or persons in whose custody the prisoner is detained." The return is as follows:

To the Honourable the Judges in the annexed writ named, James Covell and John Montgomery in obedience thereto, do certify and return that they have the body of Richard Neal, therein named, before the said Judges as therein commanded.

They further certify and return that on the 20th instant, (Wednesday) being charged with the execution of said writ, they proceeded to Chester, in Delaware county, whither they were informed the said Richard Neal had been removed. That on arriving at Chester they found the said Neal in custody of a person who was represented to be an officer of the State of Maryland, but whose name they do not know, and Commodore Isaac Mayo, of the United States Navy. The prisoner Neal was handcuffed, and the said officer and the said Mayo were about removing him to the cars, then about to start for Baltimore—that the respondent produced and read the annexed writ to the officer and Commodore Mayo—that the said Mayo held up a paper in hand which he said was a requisition or warrant from the Governor, that this paper was not read or its contents further made known than as above mentioned. Respondents then repeated that they had a writ of habeas corpus for the said Neal, to which the officer and Captain Mayo replied that we might take the prisoner, and voluntarily delivered him to us. The officer handed to us the key of the handcuffs, which were removed, and the prisoner brought in a carriage to the city of Philadelphia, where he has been in custody ever since, and is now produced to abide the order of this Court. Respondents were accompanied to the city by Commodore Mayo. They further state that they are officers of the City Police. All which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES COVERT,
JOHN MONTGOMERY.

The within named James Covert and John Montgomery on their respective oaths, say that the facts in the within return are true.

Sworn and subscribed this 18th January, 1853, before me.

ROBT. TYLER, Prothonotary.

Judge Black said, that according to the return, there did not appear to be any cause of detainer in the men who had the prisoner in custody. They are not the persons to whom the writ was directed.

District Attorney Wm. B. Reed—The officers who held the writ of habeas corpus took him out of the custody of those claiming to have the requisition.

Judge Black—They seemed to have viewed it as a writ of *de hominem replegiando*.

Judge Lewis—From all that appears before us, the prisoner ought to be discharged.

Judge Black—Does any one appear here on the part of the person who claims to hold the prisoner. Do you, Mr Hirst?

Wm. L. Hirst—Yes, sir, I was applied to by Captain Mayo, but did not see the writ, nor have I yet seen it. Capt Mayo has gone on to Washington. He is under sailing orders in the African squadron.

Several voices uttered the word *African* emphatically, which created considerable laughter.

Mr. Hirst—I mean what I have said.

Judge Black—Do you object to the prisoner's discharge, or do you wish to show cause for further detaining him?

Mr. Hirst—I appeal for no one at all. The matter is in the hands of the District Attorney, to whom it properly belongs.

Judge Black—We have a return before us, which does not hold him for any legal cause. The paper for detaining him is alleged to be in the hands of Captain Mayo.

Dist. Att. Reed—Capt. Mayo called on me last evening and I directed him to be here this morning.

Judge Black—Where is the person who claims to hold him as an officer in Maryland?

Dist. Att. Reed—I have never seen him.

Judge Lowrie—There has been plenty of time for any one to have come forward and make a claim, if there was an intention to do so.

Dist. Att. Reed—The return is simply the return of those persons who now hold him in custody.

Wm. L. Hirst—I dare say that Capt Mayo was not aware that he was a party named in the writ, nor did I know it until I heard it read here. I therefore ask time to telegraph him at Washington, to apprise him of the fact, and enable him to make a return to the writ.

Dist. Att. Reed—The writ was read to him by me.

Mr. Hirst—The question appears to be, whether the Court will take this return of the officers who have acted so irregularly in assuming the arrest and custody of the prisoner, or not. Capt. Mayo should have time to know how the matter stands.

Judge Black—Has the three days allowed by the rule of Court expired? If they have, those who hold the prisoner had better see to it.

Judge Lewis—They may find that they have taken a fearful responsibility upon themselves.

P. P. Morris—The prisoner does not appear to be legally held in custody, and should therefore be discharged. No one claims a right to hold him here.

Dist. Att. Reed—The men who executed the writ of habeas corpus, bring him here this morning to have him disposed of. Lamb, the alleged Maryland agent, has never been seen in Court, nor by me, nor does he appear to-day. When Capt. Mayo called upon me last evening, I advised him of his rights, and referred him to his private counsel. I feel it to be my duty to say, that there was a modification of the requisition, by telegraph, sent to me yesterday afternoon.

Attorney General Campbell said, that he thought it due to the case, and to the comity that should exist between the States, that time should be allowed to the agent of the Executive of Maryland, to make a return to the writ. He was not aware that there was a present design on the part of the Executive of this State to modify or revoke, in any manner, the requisition, but questions might arise in the case requiring serious consideration.

Mayor Gilpin—The prisoner has been in the custody of two of my officers since yesterday, and has been kept in the City Lock-up. I did not know that my officers had served the habeas corpus until yesterday, and have been acting in the capacity of care-taker since that time for all parties. He would now say, that if the prisoner was not legally held, he would have nothing further to do with the matter, and as far as he was concerned, the prisoner was free to go about his own business.

Judge Lowrie—I regard it as a grave question of international polity, and as such it should be viewed. By our rule, the persons claiming to hold the prisoner under a requisition, have three days to make their return, and the time has not yet expired.

Att. Gen. Campbell—I am surprised at what the Mayor of the city has just said. I hope he will reconsider his determination, and the Court will make an order that the custody of the prisoner be given to the Mayor until the return is made.

Mayor Gilpin said—That if such an order was made by the Court, he would hold him.

Judge Lowrie—The prisoner ought to be held by our order until the return shall have been made, or the legal time allowed for it has expired.

Judge Lewis—The persons who served the habeas corpus had no right to hold the prisoner; but having got him into custody by an abuse of the writ of this Court, we ought to make an order for his safe keeping.

Att. Gen. Campbell—I now ask the Court to make such an order.

Mr. Hirst—if Capt. Mayo had supposed for a moment that the proceedings were not in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania, he would have asked that the requisition be withdrawn.

Judge Lewis—He may, perhaps, be properly represented here, by stating, through counsel, whether he claims the prisoner as a fugitive or not.

P. P. Morris—There does not appear to be any disposition to hold him, as he was given up voluntarily by Capt. Mayo to the officers who held the writ of habeas corpus.

M. Hirst.—Capt. Mayo will leave the whole matter with the District Attorney, where it properly belongs.

Dist. Att. Reed—The matter has been taken out of my hands by the Attorney General, and I am glad of it.

Attorney General Campbell—I would not have interfered but for the statement of Mr. Reed, that he had received, by telegraph, yesterday, a modification of the requisition. To set the Governor right before the Court, I desire time to communicate with him.

Judge Black—It appears that a Mr. Lamb was the agent of Maryland, and that he had a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner. He was therefore legally here to execute it. He was the proper one to hold him, after the arrest, or some one authorized by him. The persons who took the prisoner from his hands acted illegally. When persons came into Court, they should ask only what the law allows. There is no authority shown to hold the prisoner, and for his part he had no disposition to patch up their broken vessels.

Mayor Gilpin—I told Capt. Mayo that I would not be responsible for the prisoner's safe-keeping.

Judge Black—From what I have heard on all sides, I am satisfied that no *mala fides* was entertained by any of the parties.

Judge Lowrie—Though there was no mistake in the matter at all, inasmuch as the agent had surrendered the prisoner willingly to be brought to Philadelphia, it was a great international question, and should be properly considered.

P. McCall—The officer who had the writ of requisition, surrendered the prisoner without resistance to those who held the habeas corpus. Had it been otherwise there might have been difficulty. The latter officers now come forward and make a return. If these are the facts, he would ask the prisoner's discharge, and would oppose any farther delay on the part of the Commonwealth. The case had been abandoned by the person who originally held him, and the return shows no cause of detainer. The prisoner is entitled to his discharge.

Wm. L. Hirst trusted it would not be on the ground assigned by Mr. McCall.

Judge Lewis then said, that a majority of the Court had made the following order in relation to the matter:

Jan. 28, 1853.—It is ordered that the hearing in this case be continued until Monday morning next, at 10 o'clock, and that in the meantime the Mayor of this city, in whose custody he (the prisoner) now is, be directed to retain him.

The Court room was again crowded to excess.

The issue of this order by the court for the further detention of the prisoner we consider an unwarrantable act. Those who had arrested him had failed to appear against him; the Mayor who had him declined to hold him any longer, and there was no authority for retaining him another instant, until Judge Lewis, with the consent of a majority of the court, created authority by making out an order for his imprisonment. This was a gross assumption of power, and the reason given for it made the act none the more excusable. Said Judge Lewis: "The question assumes an aspect of international importance, affecting the mutual relations of the States, and it becomes us to treat it with grave consideration," or words, as near as we can recollect, to that effect. The meaning of which was, 'we must conciliate our southern brethren and save the Union.' Such dough-faced works of supererogation, form no part of the business of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Their duty is to lay down the law in cases submitted to them, and to order its execution, and beyond this they have no cognizance. Chief Justice Black seems to have thus understood it, and so washed his hands of the whole matter.

On Monday morning the case came up again, and the following is the published report of the proceedings:

The case of Richard Neal.—Richard Neal was brought into Court this morning, at 10 o'clock, by the Mayor's officers, who held him in custody by order of the Supreme Court. A considerable crowd was in attendance.

After the Court was opened, Judge Black said: we know what this crowd means here. Mr. Wharton, has a return been made to the writ of habeas corpus?

Mr. Wharton—I believe not, sir. We have nothing to say, but ask for the prisoner's discharge.

P. McCall—There has been no return to the writ.

Judge Lewis—He ought to be discharged then.

Judge Black—I don't see that we have anything to do with the matter. There is nothing before us.

Judge Lewis—The prisoner is held in custody by our order, and we should discharge him. Let him be discharged.

P. McCall—Richard, you can go.

Richard, surrounded by rejoicing friends of both colours, left the room in high spirits. A portion of the crowd lingered behind, as if dissatisfied with the short turn the case had taken.

Yes, Richard is at large again, and we rejoice at it. But will there be no compensation for the injury inflicted upon him and his family? No reparation for the dishonour done to the commonwealth? and no punishment for his persecution? These questions are as easily answered as asked; no, there will be none. Richard's wrongs will receive no redress. Pennsylvania will submit patiently and with a pathetic indifference to her dishonour, and slaveholders and kidnappers will rejoice in the impunity with which they can prosecute their purposes on the free soil of Pennsylvania.

It is said that Governor Lowe is highly incensed at the manner in which Richard was allowed to escape. If our Governor showed half as much spirit in the defence of liberty as Governor Lowe does in that of Slavery we should be proud, instead of being ashamed, of him.—*Pa. Freeman.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1853.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

SPEECH OF S. S. FOSTER,

AT THE CONVENTION,
Monday Afternoon, January 26.

[Phonographically reported by RUFUS LEIGHTON.]

I BELIEVE that one of the greatest obstacles in our way at the present moment is a tendency to discouragement; and that tendency results from the fact that our numbers are very little larger to-day, after twenty years of constant, persevering effort, than they were at the commencement of this great movement.

Sir, there is in this fact—for I am free to confess it is a fact—enough to discourage minds that have not examined thoroughly and carefully the philosophy of our reform, that we should have worked so long and arduously and yet have made so few additional converts, or rather have made no more than we have lost—for though our numbers are not materially larger to-day than they were twenty years ago, it is not true that we have made no converts, for our ranks have been thinned by two efficient causes, death and defection — and the latter has probably taken two where the former has taken one—so that we have accomplished something in this matter of multiplying converts to keep our ranks good. But the fact that we have done no more in this direction, is in itself calculated to discourage most minds, and lead them to think that if our success has hitherto been so small in this respect, there is little cause to hope that we shall ever succeed in bringing the nation into the position which our cause requires it to occupy.

But I apprehend that this feeling of discouragement will be found to be based on a false philosophy, or rather results from want of knowledge of the true philosophy of our movement. For one, I do not consider it needful that our numbers should ever be materially increased; and I very much doubt whether, when the slave shall go free, when the final result of our enterprise shall be fully achieved, there will be any considerable number more standing with us than there are to-day. We do not need more. All we need is fidelity to principle on the part of those already engaged in the movement, and TIME for its achievement. It is a principle in vegetable physiology, that every plant must have time to mature, and it is in vain for you to attempt to hasten its fruit. You may subject it to the best possible cultivation, you may put on to your garden any number of labourers, and multiply them to any extent, you may manure and enrich the soil to any possible degree—it is all in vain; for by a law of nature the plant requires time, and time it will have, before it will yield its fruit. Labour you must have. A certain amount of cultivation is useful in the production of fruit, but this has its limit, and all beyond is to no purpose.

Now, Sir, we are engaged in a great and glorious revolution, a revolution which—it matters not how many hands engage in it—requires time to mature. If the controversy were a physical one, everything would depend on numbers; and the more hands, the quicker the work would be done. If our numbers were large enough, we could march against the hosts of Slavery, and beat them down at once. But this is not our object. Our purpose is to overthrow Slavery by the regeneration of the public mind. We seek not a bloody, but a peaceful abolition, and this can be brought about only by a thorough and entire revolution in the thoughts, feelings, purposes and aims of the American people. Our countrymen are to be educated into a love of liberty for liberty's sake. They do not possess that love now, and they never did. In the war of the Revolution they did not possess it; they loved liberty for themselves—the love that burns in every tyrant's bosom—and they loved it intently, so intently that they said, 'We will bare our bosoms to the cannon's mouth, we will leave our wives widows, and our children orphans, rather than bequeath to them the inheritance of a despotism that shall dare to tax them even to the extent of three pence a pound on their tea.' It is something to the credit of our ancestors that they loved liberty for themselves. I wish I could say as much of the present day—as much of the living sons of New England, as of their dead fathers. But we have not even this love of liberty. We have sadly degenerated from our parent stock. Oh, in these dark and degenerate days, even SUCH love of liberty is a thing to be respected, and we do well to pay honours to our venerated ancestors; but their love of liberty, let it be remembered, extended only to themselves; they loved it not as a principle; it was with them a selfish feeling.

But this is not the love of liberty we inculcate. It is not our work to bring back the present generation to where our fathers stood. That would be a great work, and would require time; but we lay deeper and broader the foundations of liberty. We seek to inspire the love of liberty as a principle in the American bosom, and are thereby laying the foundations of freedom not for a race or a nation, but for the whole family of man. We have commenced a movement, and have prosecuted it for twenty years, which is destined in its consummation to set free the whole human family. It will never be consummated, and I trust it will never stop, until it has struck down the last form of despotism that curses the earth.

It has been surprising to many that the Church should be found against us, when all her preaching would seem to require that she should embrace and defend our cause; and that trade and commerce, and that the politics of the North, even, should present an attitude of hostility to our movement. The reason why all these infidences are arrayed against it is, because they are all unsanctified and selfish in spirit. The American pulpit was once the defender of liberty. Our fathers fled from the despotism of the Church of England and planted the standard of religious liberty on these shores. And so with trade and politics. Both sustained the war of the Revolution. But the liberty which was sought and established by these various influences was selfish and unjust. It was not based on the great principle which lies at the foundation of the Christian scheme, the principle of impartial love, of universal brotherhood. Trade, politics, religion, every thing American except the Anti-Slavery movement, is circumscribed and selfish. Hence they can flourish in an unsanctified soil, and gather support for a cherished object even from the vices of the community. But not so with us; our enterprise seeks to rear the temple of liberty on the principle of love; and as love is impartial and universal, we necessarily find arrayed against us everything which in spirit is either local, sectional, or sectarian. Hence you find against us Church and State; everything that is unsanctified in spirit is found rising in our pathway. Our work is so revolutionise the whole. We are to destroy not the chattel principle only—we have not merely to break off the chains and fetters from the limbs of three millions of slaves, but to eradicate the selfish principle from twenty millions of hearts. This is a work which requires TIME. It matters not to what extent you multiply the labourers, it cannot be done in a day. I do not believe in instantaneous regeneration. I did so believe once, but experience has taught me better, and I have expurgated from my philosophy the doctrine that the mind can be renovated in a day. The change may and, of course, does commence in a moment; but for a man to think of passing from the lowest depths of hell to the upper seat in heaven at a single leap, is absurb, at variance with every principle of human nature, and with all our experience.

The growth of a moral principle is like the growth of a tree; it admits of cultivation, and will be helped by it, but it requires time for its development and perfection, and there is such a thing as stimulating it into an unhealthy growth. Our cause requires time. Then do not let us be discouraged because it does not grow more rapidly. All we have to do is to see that the truth of God is clearly and distinctly held up before the people. That done, all is done that can be done, and it matters not how few or many are engaged in this work, whether that truth be blazoned forth by ten or ten thousand, so that the nation sees it. In time, it will have its legitimate action, and work out its legitimate results on the national conscience.

I know there are certain results that can be effected by the multiplication of numbers; we may, by bringing thousands into this city to attend these meetings, affect the coming elections. But remember, this is not *our work*. Our work is with the conscience, and mere numbers never yet purified a human heart, never really enlightened a human intellect.

I know it is necessary in our movement, if we would hasten it, to have teachers enough to keep the truth distinctly before the whole people; yet these we have not at present. The augmentation of our numbers would undoubtedly increase the progress of our cause, because it would enable us to put the light before more minds. There are many yet in ignorance capable of beholding the light, if it could only be let into the dark corners in which they dwell.

But, after all, I apprehend that we are not so deficient in labourers as some seem to suppose. We must have time for an enterprise to mature, and this is requisite whether the labourers be few or many. And even if we are greatly deficient in labourers, we have no cause for discouragement; for we have only to take a little more time, and those already in this warfare will be able to accomplish all that could be accomplished by a larger number in less time. I have no feeling of discouragement in my bosom. Even if I knew we could not succeed, my course would be still the same. God never predicated the condition of my happiness on my success. If I do the work which He has given me to do, to the best of my ability, I shall have done my part, and though I do not succeed, it is not my fault. The results are not mine, and I feel that in the end, whatever they may be, I shall have my reward. So, if I knew that we should fail, I should feel that a great good would be accomplished by our efforts—a good for the coming ages. If but one HONEST man should live in the nineteenth century, he would not live in vain. I think, therefore, even granting that our cause is not to succeed, that we should not, for a moment, cherish a feeling of discouragement.

But we SHALL succeed. Our success thus far has been all that we could expect, under the circumstances. There never was before such success attending human effort; never did the public sentiment move on so rapidly. I am amazed at the progress of my own mind, when I look back over the past and see where I stood twenty years ago, when the Anti-Slavery enterprise picked me up, and contrast it with the position in which I stand to-day. I have myself been sufficiently benefitted to warrant all the sacrifices that have been made in this cause. The man that plucks a brand from the burning, that liberates a human soul from the galling chains of spiritual despotism, that disenthrals the immortal spirit, and turns that spirit, freed from the tormenting fear of death and the more tormenting fear of hell, to the Infinite God, that it may more and more expand under His pure and holy influence; he who does that, does a great and glorious work; and that work, I feel the Anti-Slavery movement has done for me, and not for me alone, but for thousands and tens of thousands of other minds. We have literally experienced in this movement the declaration of Jesus, made eighteen hundred years ago, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' We have been endeavouring to give liberty to the slave. In that we have not yet succeeded, but we have been liberated ourselves from a despotism more horrible than the mere outward despotism which crushes the broken-hearted slave in his chains. Our spirits have been set free—free in the practical, the highest, the holiest sense of that word; and that freedom which has been conferred upon us has prepared us for the great work of going forth to liberate other minds.

The man who looks at the slave only, and at our enterprise as connected with his physical emancipation—I wonder not that such should think our cause moves slowly, that he should wonder we meet year after year under existing circumstances. But he who views it in this light has no adequate comprehension of its true dignity and scope. I know that was the mission on which we started, but it is not to be the only result of our labours; for in freeing the slave from his shackles, we are liberating the mind of the whole community, we are laying deeper and broader the foundations of human freedom than they were ever intended to be laid by any other class of men, in any age of the world. We are, in effect, striking at despotism of every description, and with the downfall of Slavery, there will come the downfall of the despotism of Church and State throughout the country, and eventually throughout the world.

I have regretted that our cause had so many obstacles to contend with: that the Church, at the beginning of the movement, should have thrown herself across our path; that Northern politics should be so hostile. But I regret it no longer, for with our triumph, these despotisms, spiritual and political, will pass away. I do not say that the form of our religion will disappear with the form of Slavery; the church may exist in form for many years to come, but the spirit is rapidly taking its departure, and she will soon be a powerless though somewhat offensive body.

My object in these remarks is to cheer up the friends of the slave. There is, my friends, no cause for discouragement, under any circumstances. We are engaged in a warfare which, to my mind, is certain of success, if there be a single man to go for it to the battle. Look back twenty years, and there stood one man, single handed and alone—a printer's boy, friendless, penniless, without education, without anything to commend him to the world—and the note of admonition from his solitary lips rang like thunder through this whole land, and it so agitated the slaveholder in his gorgeous palace that he instantly offered a reward of $5,000 to any one that would silence that young voice in death. Such was the potency of a human voice—human voice, did I say! no! the potency was not in the voice, for other voices had spoken in kindred tones—that potency was in the pulsations of the heart. The potency of a true heart, what can it not do? It can make itself felt all over the world; like electricity, it will find itself a connecting medium, and go far and wide to earth's remotest bounds. In this is our hope, not in numbers; and so long as there is a single man or woman with a true heart, so long there shall be no peace to the slaveholder, and our cause shall continue to triumph; and just in proportion to the earnestness of our spirit will be the success of our movement.

Then, friends, do not let us be discouraged; do not let us count our numbers; let our trust be in the living God—not theologically, but practically: let it be in the great principle of truth and justice; let us resolve to exemplify them in our own characters. Let there be but one living soul in this nation whose voice shall be true and clear and distinct for liberty, and the nation will all hear and all read, and in due time, every heart will be brought under its divine and all-pervading influence. Let us resolve, then, to go onward, every man trimming his lamp and letting his light so shine before the world, that others, seeing his good works, may be drawn to unite in this great and glorious enterprise!

ABSTRACT OF THE

REMARKS OF REV. ANDREW T. FOSS,

OF MANCHESTER, N. H.,

At Annual Meeting, Thursday, January 27.

The Resolutions on the Church being under consideration,

Mr. Foss said, I feel it in my heart to respond to the resolutions now before the meeting

after seventeen years' close and constant experience of the churches, of the manner in which things are done, and the influences which govern them, I have not a word of dissent to utter; but I accord with those resolutions most entirely. I am satisfied they speak the truth. They say, and I say, that these churches are a loathing and abhorrence.

It is just so, also, with the Bible, Tract, and Sunday School Societies; all of them indifferent, unfeeling towards the slave's sufferings, debasement, and wrongs. They are engaged in serving God, and so busy that they can't think of their oppressed neighbour, fallen among thieves, wounded, and half dead. They see God in heaven; they see the Redeemer at his right hand; they see him crowned, glorified, exalted; but they don't see him, they won't see him in the slave, in poor, oppressed, bleeding humanity.

Once, at a Bible Society meeting, I was objecting to receiving contributions from slaveholders and slaveholding churches. A friend of the Bible Society replied, that he admitted the connection of the Society with Slavery, but said that the price of the slave would make just as good a Bible as any other money. I said, brethren, suppose you should take a slave up into your Society's rooms, and there kill him, draw out his blood, dip your types in it, and print your Bible in red; then, that you should take off his skin, and make of it a binding for your Bible, in black. The Bible would contain just the very words which your Bible now contains, but would you send out such a book?—would you circulate it as the Word of God? No! No! No! came *from the laity* in the meeting. But what are you doing *now*, brethren? I said. You are taking the very wages of unpaid toil, extorted under the lash from the bleeding bodies of men and women, and printing your Bibles with them; and what is the difference? But it was of no effect.

Now, my friends, as I told you before, I hope nothing for the slave from the American churches and religious organizations. They have forsaken Christ and his law. I mean to labour for the slave outside of them. I will devote myself to the Anti-Slavery Cause while I live, and when I die I hope to fill an Anti-Slavery grave!

[This sketch does imperfect justice to Mr. Foss' animated remarks, which were listened to with the deepest interest. So true were they to the Anti-Slavery experience of hundreds present.]—*Sec'y.*

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON,

OF WORCESTER,

On Friday, January 28th, 1853.

Mr. President: I am not sure that I fully understand the terms of the resolution under discussion, for I have not heard, but only infer them. But I know this, that I stand here to endorse any resolution which looks to increasing the means of this Society, and enlarging the sphere of its operations. Thus definitely and heartily I can state my position on that point, and then pass to wider considerations.

I have heard that when a man speaks for the first time in Faneuil Hall, he commonly begins by apostrophising the pictured dead, and then turning to the audience before him; his speech thus serving to illustrate, first, the greatness of the departed, and then, perhaps, the littleness of the living. But when one stands first in this Anti-Slavery Convention, the impulse is to begin by bearing a like testimony to those present on the platform, not in picture, but in person; the strong men and women who taught the first Anti-Slavery lessons to us, so that we now venture to stand where they stood; the men and women who have kept whole among us the apostolical succession of moral courage, and have taught their most powerful opponents what the French Marshal learned from the Arabs, that 'there are people with whom peace cannot be purchased by victory.'

But I am not here to speak of persons. Nay, as a man once said to Dr. Johnson, 'Sir, I am not going to compliment *myself* by saying how much I admire your book'; so I will not compliment *myself* by showing that I appreciate my elders and betters upon this platform. Besides, our interest is in the work they are doing. Nay, I believe that were all these older leaders to be now, by some stern providence, struck away, it would scarcely mar the progress of Anti-Slavery sentiment, so intense would be the new sense of responsibility thus infused into their pupils. So when a forest is cut down, there follows a more vigorous growth in the young wood beneath, from the soil enriched by the long droppings from the elder trees.

There has never been a time or place, I believe, in all history, when the intellects and hearts of young men were so deeply imbued with a moral purpose as here and now. It is to this knowledge that the long labourers in this warfare are to look for their reward. They may turn away to this from the selfishness and compromising of elder men. To this they can trust their reputation. It has been said that fame is sure to follow where there is any real greatness; that fame is indeed but the shadow of greatness, and that for any man who has done well to doubt about his reputation following him, is as absurd as for a man to run about the streets looking and wondering lest something happen to his shadow. The shadow cannot be lost where the substance survive. Clouds may obscure it for a time, but it comes forth again. Nay, sometimes the shadow seems so long in appearing, that we are reminded of the story of that backwoodsman of Kentucky, who ran so fast that he often distanced his shadow, which, long hours after he had got home and was quietly reposing, would be seen hastily following him into the cabin. So it will yet be with some who stand near me. When they are resting from the fatigues of their earnest and life-long struggle, their shadow will follow them, if it does not come before. Fame is sure, though it is sometimes sadly slow. Fame is sure, though it is often left for the next generation to discover.

But I have said that I should speak on agitation, and not of agitators. I understand that it is the intention of the Convention to make an effort to obtain a large increase of funds, in order to be able to make more elaborate efforts to lay before the nation its sins and its duties. That agitation is destined to go on, whether you give the funds or not; but you can do much to accelerate it. We have this problem before us, whether now, while there is uprising all over the land a deeper Anti-Slavery sentiment than ever before—deeper, though it may not be so loud—we should relax our efforts, and suffer the progress to slacken? It is not for us to control agitation; it is Slavery which creates it, and not the Anti-Slavery Society. While Slavery exists, the agitation will go on. Its foundations are laid deeper than any poor plans of ours. All history shows but one long agitation on the part of truth and right, opposed by one wrong or another, by one conservatism or another. Each age has predicted that the next would be better, and each age has found itself justified in that prediction, for the next age has always been better. The work cannot stop with us. There is but one engine which can be brought to bear with any force against agitation, and that is an engine which reacts on itself. I remember, in that sad and stern time—which some of us have good reason to remember—when Thomas Sims was led, a surrendered fugitive, through the streets of this selfish city, that I once met Theodore Parker, and told him that only one thing further was needed—that he should be arrested for assisting a fugitive to escape, and fined a thousand dollars, and imprisoned six months; and that with this we could revolutionise Massachusetts first, and then the nation; and *he replied that he was ready* (great cheering).

This is what I mean by the one engine of despotism which reacts upon itself. Daniel Webster said at Salem, in that memorable trial, 'There is no escape from confession to one who has committed a crime. There is no escape from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.' So I say now, that in this Anti-Slavery cause, or in any moral cause, there is no refuge from agitation but chains and dungeons, and chains and dungeons *are* agitation (loud applause).

We have now got our foe within our reach. We have passed through the time of idle indifference, when men asked, 'What have we to do with Slavery?' I have not heard that question for four years. The stealthy procession which led Thomas Sims down State street suppressed that question for ever. Slavery has marched from the Carolinas to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New York, from New York to Boston, and now sits enthroned in State street, and we have got it at arm's length. That is where we are stronger than before. The first condition of victory is to have the opponent within reach. When men understand that they are not battling with evils in Georgia, or Mississippi, or Virginia, or even in Delaware, but close among us—not with a distant institution, but with the money power in the city and the conservative power in the State—then they will be strong; then they will take their position, and do their work. And it is this conviction which is rousing men to a nobler conflict than any in which they have yet engaged.

I use warlike phrases, for the conflict with sin is a perpetual death-grapple. But we make some improvement in weapons from age to age. We fight no longer with bayonets and bullets. We have melted all our lead into types for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Men said, 'Let this agitation be suppressed!' and Liberty answered with fifty thousand copies of that book. They said again, Let it be suppressed! and the answer was, 'A little more grape!' and a hundred thousand copies more were sent into the homes and hearts of the people. Another hundred thousand, and we shall hear little more of the claim to have suppressed agitation. The work goes on. The politicians try their little manœuvres every year, and fix their trifling plans to introduce into their party a little more Anti-Slavery than a year before, or a little less; and their stratagems go on, like a body of ants labouring at their little hillock, and look! there stands the great sun above them, and what are all their petty plans to *that?*

The earth rolls on. It takes with it the conservatism of the age and the reform sentiment of the age. In each generation, the conservative stands where the reformer of the last generation stood; and still the earth rolls on. The Slave Power tries, from time to time, to bribe the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North with the glittering bauble of the Presidency, as the sovereign of Venice tries to wed the ocean with a gold ring; but I have never heard that the heaving waves of the Adriatic grew any calmer for those golden nuptials, nor do I see that any stronger influence will follow here and now.

This work of agitation is destined to go on, and how ludicrously idle are the efforts of the Slave Power to suppress it, by the introduction of resolutions into the National Whig and Democratic Conventions! What had they to do with the agitation of the Anti-Slavery question? Surely, they had few sins to repent—save, perhaps, here in Massachusetts. What is it to the Anti-Slavery movement whether the Whig and Democratic parties take this or that position on the subject? What idle folly for the Slave Power to hope anything by going there! It should have sought a different spot for its activities. It should have gone West, to a different National Convention. It should have gone where those strong men met at Pittsburg—strong in moral purpose, though not, perhaps, conforming to your standard in all their plans, since they, like myself, believe in voting. It should have suppressed the Free Democracy in its Convention first, if it wished to accomplish anything. It should have passed on to Ohio, and sought to see what it could do in suppressing agitation there, on that rich soil, the natural home of freedom, where our New England men, Garrison, Hale, Parker, have counted their audiences by thousands, and gone from town to town, as Kossuth went through Hungary, 'sowing sentences and reaping men!' Yes, the Slave Power should have suppressed the Western Reserve. It should have come on through New York (if it had no time to go further West), and stopped at Rochester to suppress Frederick Douglass—the *tongue* of this great nation of three million enslaved Africans! It should have stopped at Syracuse, and called on the men who rescued Jerry, and who dropped the United States Marshal out of a two-story window! It should have visited Gerrit Smith, and inquired if he had a few thousand dollars left to be confiscated by its legalized robbery? It should have gone, step by step, through the Western and Middle States, trying to suppress agitation as it passed. And if we suppose it to have done all this, it has done nothing, *for it has not touched Massachusetts!* The Slave Power must come a little further. It must come to Worcester, and see one of those great assemblages of freemen that I have seen more than once, assembled in their City Hall—the second 'Cradle of Liberty,' for it received George Thompson when the first one rocked him out (great cheering). It should come and see this great audience, as I see you, and read in your faces that there is something felt in Massachusetts besides baseness and compromise. It must come to this Convention, the birthplace of all this pestilent spirit of Liberty; and, if it really wishes to suppress the American eagle, and all the heroic attributes its represents, and substitute the obscene and rapacious bird of Southern climes—if it really seeks to do this, it must come here, and suppress the young eagles in their nest; and they look to me as if they would die hard (cheers).

We have something else to think of than these idle efforts. It may be that here and there a weak spirit is found that cannot stand against the world, the flesh and the devil; but such weak spirits fall, and are soon forgotten. We may deplore when a Van Buren remembers that his Anti-Slavery principle is too young to bear the trials of life, and might as well, perhaps, have been drowned before its eyes were open; we may feel sad when a Stanton proves that his Anti-Slavery principle was born too early, perhaps, and has grown superannuated and weak; we may mourn—how deeply I dare not attempt to say—when a greater than these bows in the dust the most majestic head that Massachusetts or America ever saw; but what are these things, compared to the work we have to do? How transiently do they affect the Anti-Slavery agitation, or the duties that rest upon us! Said Napoleon, upon that stern battle-field, when they told him that his bravest leaders were falling before the destructive fire of the enemy—'We are all lost,' said they; 'the generals are being struck down; Berthier is fallen, and La Harpe is fallen; we are in despair; what shall we do?' 'Is there anybody left alive?' 'Yes.' 'Then onward! onward! onward!' Is there anybody left alive among us? Then onward, as if even Webster were with us still (loud cheers)!

It may be that great men have fallen; but greater than they have fallen in times past. Well says the poet:

'Still lives the song, though Regnar dies.'

Still lives the great heart of humanity, and still throbs on with the same mighty impulses, though a hundred Websters, and a thousand Van Burens, and a million Stantons may silence the beating of theirs for ever. There is work still left for us to do; and this is all the brave man needs to know. All over the nation, the spirit is roused that leads men to do this work. It shows itself in the softening of the prejudices among Anti-Slavery men themselves; in a willingness to cooperate with those who differ from them in the details of their plans. Free Soilers see that the disunion Abolitionist goes in the right direction, even though, for them, he goes too far. The disunion Abolitionist sees that the Free Soiler goes in the right direction, the same with himself, even if he does not go far enough. When I read, the other day, that Henry Ward Beecher had subscribed for the *Liberator*, I felt that an era had come in the history of mankind; and when I heard a neighbour of mine, a good Orthodox Deacon, and a worthy and excellent man, say that there ought to be fifty Theodore Parkers instead of one, I felt as if the believers in the Second Advent doctrine were not so wholly deluded as we had hastily supposed (cheers and laughter).

I assert again, that the earth turns round. This Anti-Slavery movement is doing more than any influence has yet done for us, in reconciling sectarian animosities and clearing narrow prejudices away. Men who work side by side for the slave, cannot long condemn each other to everlasting fire for errors in theology. I think we should regard the Anti-Slavery agitation as a kind of solemn sacrament. It needs the courage and love of angels so to trouble these waters that the full benefit of healing may come out of them.

Meanwhile, every man who has any remains of conscience in him is so far, indirectly or directly, consciously or unconsciously, an Anti-Slavery man. Every good act of a man's life is, so far, a protest against every evil on the face of the earth. If there remain in a man a single thrill of generous impulse, there is the beginning of an Abolitionist. Talk of inconsistency! many a man is saved by a few generous inconsistencies. But we must believe in men first, before we can regenerate them.

And the agitation must keep on. A moral evil needs a moral sentiment to overthrow it; and this only agitation can sustain. What said the Spirit of God to the old prophet, when he mourned the sins and captivity of his people, as we do now? It did not say—'Do not waste your *influences*'—it did not say, 'Keep silence, for this thing is exciting'—it did not say, 'Find some prudent citizen to cipher you out a *plan* of emancipation—make the best compromise you can with Babylon and the Chaldeans—and keep clear of Jeremiah, for he uses hard words'! What said it, then? It said this only—'Overturn—and *overturn*—and overturn—*till he shall come whose right it is to reign.*' Even so saith the Spirit of the Lord to the children of this generation. Amen.

☞ We commence the report of the Trial of Reed, at Albany, convicted of aiding in the escape of the fugitive Jerry, and shall give the conclusion of it next week.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXVIII.

The Argument.—*Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—The Correspondent rebuketh its harsh language—And giveth it over to a reprobate mind—It spareth not the Free Soilers—Education of Grannies—The Grandfather question—Dr. Pillsbury anatomizeth Mr. Sumner's Speech—Also General Washington's Portsmouth letter—Parallel between Potter and Washington—Which the greater patriot?—Mr. Phillips' Defence of the Abolitionists—Their thunder claimed for them—Mr. Milton's ideas cited—Mr. Parketh speaketh—Mr. Webster's Will—The "friend question" considered—What Shakspeare saith on the subject—Posthumous Benevolence without assets—Marshal Tukey's Meeting in Faneuil Hall—Ingratitude of Republics—Scandalum Magnatum, &c. &c.*

Boston, January 31st, 1853.

The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has just finished its course with joy and prosperity. Its history was that of all its predecessors. Beginning with a handful on the first morning, it went on from strength to strength, until the Melodeon could scarcely contain the crowds that thronged together to hear what these fellows that were turning the world upside down, and who had come hither again, had to say for themselves. And they had a good deal to say for themselves, and not only for themselves, but against other people. It was painful to a charitable and catholic mind to listen to the way in which they talked about our wisest and best men, our most eminent divines and statesmen. You will hardly be able to believe it, but they even spoke spoke contemptuously of that valuable "product of our institutions," as Mr. Hillard called him, the late lamented Daniel Webster. Mr. Clay did not escape their pestilent tongues, and the Reverend Clergy and the Church were very evilly entreated. They seem to have no sense of the value of the conservative element in our institutions and to be ready to demolish everything in them that does not exactly square with their own crude notions of right and wrong. But, somehow or another, people will come together and hear this kind of talk, even if they don't like it. They can't help themselves, one would think. They, occasionally, express their dissent by a slight sibilation, but it only answers for their own relief, for I have never yet seen the first of these fellows that could be made ashamed of himself, much less silenced, by any demonstrations of the disapprobation of the better part of Society.

And they not only pitched promiscuously into Whigs and Democrats, but they also bestowed much wholesome castigation (intended solely for their good) on the Free Soilers. Now these "tender juvenals," in their ignorance and inexperience, sometimes wince under the rod and try to escape it. But they may be assured that their advantage only is meant, and that they will yet thank their pedagogue the longest day they have to live, for his fidelity. But they don't think so, in the ignorant present. They may think of him, as a very eminent Free Soiler said of Mr. Garrison, once on some such occasion, "*Why, this man does not understand his own business!*" Which was, surely, the very latest example of teaching one's granny how to suck eggs. For, as George Thompson once said, "a Free Soiler denying that he had any connection with Garrison, was like a man affirming that he never had a grandfather!" Mr. Pillsbury, on the first evening of the Meeting, made a most minute autopsy of Mr. Sumner's Speech in the Senate, and certainly presented it in a great novelty of new lights. All its weak points were most unmercifully exposed, and many persons went away with very different notions of it than they brought with them. When I say it was done *unmercifully*, I do not mean that it was done in any unkind or savage spirit. The criticism was as calm, dispassionate, fair and candid, as it was masterly and thorough. I trust that it will be given to the public, that it may be refuted, if possible.

And he was not satisfied with this treatment of the living; but he even did not withhold his hand from the Dead, and ventured to dissent entirely from Mr. Sumner's view of the conduct of Washington, in the matter of the Slave woman he wrote to the Collector of Portsmouth to catch for him, if he could without public scandal. Mr. Pillsbury seemed to think that Mr. Sumner would have been a better friend to the memory of Washington if he had not exposed him in the character of a Slave-hunter to the gaze of the world. There, certainly, was no moral difference between Washington and Potter, the master of Thomas Sims, excepting that the latter thought more of "the infinite importance" of the example, and less of his own character, and the former more of his own character and less of the wholesome example. Both sent on to have a slave caught for him, only one did *not* care whether it "would excite a mob or even uneasy sensations in the minds of well-disposed persons," and the other *did*. And if the recovery of Slaves be a thing right to be done, and of good ensample, I must say that I think Potter the greater hero and patriot of the two. For Washington never regarded the wishes of the woman, any more than Potter did of the man; it was only his own character and the feelings of well-disposed persons that made him leave a discretion to the agent; which Potter scorned when a public duty demanded the sacrifice. The idolators of Washington had better pass as gingerly as possible over this passage in the life of their hero. It is possible that posterity will put him in a lower niche than the universal Yankee Nation have agreed to assign him, since he died; for while he lived, they were by no means so unanimous about him. Mr. Pillsbury concluded his remarks on this matter by reading Mr. Sumner's statement "that the fugitive lived in freedom to a good old age, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his country," and remarking that he supposed, on the same principle, it might be said that Jesus Christ lived as long as he did (it being recorded that he had several times narrowly escaped death at their hands) "*a monument of the just forbearance of the Scribes and Pharisees!*"

Mr Phillips occupied the whole of the second evening in a masterly Defence of the Abolitionists from the charges brought against them of precipitation, denunciation, the want of discipline and a just method, and especially of a superficial knowledge and headlong and inconsiderate treatment of the question of Slavery. He showed the laborious and exhaustive manner in which the question had been treated by technical Abolitionists, historically, economically, statistically, constitutionally, legally, morally, religiously, in works which had never been answered. And he affirmed, and pledged himself to the proof, that there was not a single topic, view, doctrine or illustration of Slavery in its various relations, which has been brought forward since the Anti-Slavery Movement entered Congress, that had not been suggested, elaborated and published by the Abolitionists, long before. It was to their treasury that even John Quincy Adams, and many others since, applied for facts and arguments when preparing for a special conflict with Slavery. It was to Garrison, and the movement in which he is the nucleus, that political Abolitionists have to come for illumination.

"Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

This was his idea; the quotation is my own thunder. He made a thundering good one, however, from the same work of the gentleman I just quoted. Speaking of the different port and proportions of men at home and at Washington, of orators in Faneuil Hall and in Congress, he said there appeared to be something in the air of the Senate that dwarfed giants into pygmies. That the Pandemonium of the Senate Chamber was like that of Milton, into which, when Northern men entered,

"Behold a wonder! they but now that seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless!"

While the Calhouns and the Clays, the slaveholding princes and oligarchs,

"In their own dimensions, like themselves,
In close recess and secret conclave sat."

But you will see the speech reported in full, so it's of no use for me to botch it. The third night Mr. Theodore Parker made an excellent Speech, and also Mr. Phillips again. But they are both to be reported. The Meeting closed with the Song of the Fugitive, volunteered by the Hutchison Family.

The principal amusements of the town, lately, have been Mr. Webster's Will and Marshal Tukey's Faneuil Hall Meeting. The publication of the first is attributed to Mr. Webster's friends. But it seems impossible. Some enemy hath done this thing. No friend could have put a dead friend in so eminently ridiculous a position before the world. A man bequeathing his heavy debts to one set of friends and giving legacies which are to be paid by another! The long-suffering innocents of State Street may well exclaim with Macbeth:

"——————the times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die
And there an end! But now they come
With twenty mortal murders on their heads
And push us from our stools—"

from our Counting-house stools, that is, and sponge us from their urns. The only pendant to this story is a Will now recorded in our Registry, where a man after bequeathing, specifically, whatever property he had to his natural heirs, then proceeded to make most magnificent bequests to all Public Charities and Literary Institutions, to be paid out of the residue of his estate. As he had some property, it was necessary to have it proved and recorded, so there it stands "plain for all folk to see;" but the nose of this worthy oddity is now effectually put out of joint by this Testament of Mr. Webster. It will be remembered as long as he will be. Marshal Tukey's Meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on Saturday evening, for the purpose of defending himself from charges of malversation in office, and urge his election as Alderman, to fill a vacancy. You will remember that, for all his merits in saving the Union by catching Sims and making our Supreme Judges go on their bellies under his chair round the Court-house, he was turned out of office a year ago. Such is the gratitude of Republics! Ever since then he has been engaged in a fight with Mayor Seaver and his Aldermen. His Meeting was a most tumultous one and not a little resembled the famous Thompson Reception Meeting, which he enjoyed so highly. However, he was heard, and made a variety of statements as to the private amusements of our Civic Fathers, which certainly amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*, if he cannot prove them, and will be certainly a Scandal to the city if he can.—D. Y.

LETTER FROM A LECTURER.

West Hartwick, Otsego Co., Jan. 10, 1853.

Dear Gay: I have but this moment mailed my communication for the *Standard*, bearing date of 8th January. But, having nothing to do until evening, and feeling more like scribbling than doing nothing, I think I will, while my hand is in, do a little of what will have to be done some other time, if at all, by way of taking a few notes of passing events.

My wife is out making calls. This is her native place—the home of her childhood. You will not be surprised to learn that the countenances of her old friends are changed towards her, since she has become so unfeminine and indelicate as to let her voice be heard in public, especially in behalf of a class of people despised and deserted by the Church. Don't *you* think it rather "resembles Ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly," for a woman to attach so much importance to so small a matter as to break loose from all the restraints and time-honoured customs of refined society, in order to aid in the work of destroying Slavery? What is the degradation of a *million and a half of females, sold into wholesale prostitution* by the *Christian Government*, aided by the *Christian Church* of this country, to be compared with the loss of a Northern white woman's reputation for feminine qualities and accomplishments?

Jan. 11. In spite of all untoward circumstances,* our meeting came off, last evening, with a full house of hearers. Not being in a mood to mince matters with those reverend and pious hypocrites, who, for party and sectarian advantage, apologise for, and join hands with, thieves, robbers and adulterers, and, for a pretence, sing pious psalms and make long prayers, we spoke the truth with all boldness. Some fifteen or twenty of the congregation, being pricked in their consciences, probably, fled before the meeting closed. The majority, however, stood the fire, manfully, and womanfully. A few only greeted us in a friendly manner, at the close of the meeting.

A leading Methodist here acknowledged to me, in conversation this morning, that the Methodist Episcopal Church would not permit its own ministers to meddle with the subject of Slavery in such a way as to disturb the harmony of the denomination—that is, expose its connection with slaveholders. He is a prominent member in that Church, and laboured to justify it in this particular. Were the Methodist Episcopal Church, for its own advantage, to extend the hand of fellowship to the keepers of brothels in New York city, and refuse to allow its ministers to preach against the iniquity, would not this man as readily retain his membership, and justify the Church, as he now does? What infernal iniquity could that Church practice, and not be justified in its course by this man? Is not Slavery the sum of *all* villainies?

A prominent Universalist argued the *right* of Slavery. He saw and acknowledged the foolish inconsistency of his Methodist brother's position, and evidently chose rather to be considered a knave than a fool. I am sorry to have to say this of an old sequaintance. But the intelligent Northern man who argues the right of American Slavery, "ought, if any ought, to wear the chain." The collar about his neck for a while might bring him to his senses. The Baptist minister here, Rev. Mr. Pixley, has carefully avoided our meetings all through. Whether he controls the people or they him, in reform matters, I don't know. One thing is certain. Had a law been passed, rendering one member of each family in the State of New York liable to be sold, at any time, into interminable Slavery, including those of Baptist priests, he would have scoured the whole town in behalf of our meetings—unless he is as destitute of natural affection, as all priests who turn their backs upon Anti-Slavery meetings are of all Christian principle. The Methodist minister does not live in this place. His position, however, like that of others of the profession, is, of course, determined, or, at least, ascertained, by that of his congregation. Probably not half a dozen Methodists were at the meeting.

Jan. 27. Not many matters of interest have come under our notice since the 11th. The weather has been very much against us for the last two weeks. From Hartwick we returned to Fork Mills, where we held one more meeting, and one on Christian Hill, in the same town. Our next place of meeting was on Jerusalem Hill, Herkimer county, in the vicinity of which lives our esteemed friend, Curtis Rider, in whose excellent family we were made more than welcome during a terrible blow and snow storm of two or three days' continuance. We held but one meeting there, on account of the storm. Have promised to return and hold a series of meetings there, next week. Are now in Little Falls, which, considering its size, is the most religious and rum-cursed place this side of Tophet. The village numbers some forty dram-shops, I believe; there is in the place a small Female Reform Society, which, for two years past, has maintained its organization and kept up its regular meetings in favour of the reforms of the day. Considering the general character of the place and the influences against which it has to contend, and also the fact that its *active* members number not more than three or four individuals, I think the Society deserving of great praise, and ought to receive the encouragement of similar societies throughout the country. We spent a few days in Deyereaux, the place of my residence from 1842 to 1849. This place was, a few years ago, one of the strongholds of Anti-Slavery. It numbered one Anti-Slavery Church, and wielded a strong Anti-Slavery influence in the community. It is now the hold of every foul spirit. The old Anti-Slavery Church is in ruins, and a new *pro*-Slavery Church has taken its place. The present state of things, then, is owing partly to a determined spirit of sectarianism in the Anti-Slavery Church, and a union of the pro-slavery Pilates and Herods out of the Church. A sectarian, Anti-Slavery Church may seem to many an anomaly or something worse, and is, no doubt, in *fact*. But I use the term as understood and applied by sectarians. In my judgment, a Church that denies a man the rights and privileges of membership and fellowship on account of the mere complexion of his theological views, can no more be an *Anti-Slavery* Church, in the *true* sense, than one that denies him such rights and privileges on account of the colour of his skin. If Anti-Slavery includes not the *principle* as well as the *form* of liberty, if it does not relate to the soul as well as the body, to thought and faculty as well as hand and foot—if, in short, it does not mean *Liberty for man*, it is hardly worth the efforts and sacrifices that are being made in its behalf. But a large share of the so-called Anti-Slavery in the religious circles of the country is of the sectarian type. Human *rights* are of secondary consideration, as compared with human *opinions*. And not a few of the would-be-called Abolitionists are bigoted and intolerant to the last degree. We came near being turned out of door, in the middle of the night, not long since, by a man whose name has gone out as an Abolitionist, because we did not believe in and worship God after his peculiar fashion. On our return from meeting to his house, after the family, at least the man and his wife, had expressed themselves as being well pleased with the remarks, the fact that we neither worshipped God by making audible prayers, to be seen and heard of men, nor believed that He ever authorised His servants to slaughter husbands and wives, mothers and little children, and hand young virgins over to be prostituted by a licentious soldiery, as Moses is reputed to have said he did, was drawn from us by direct questioning. Whereupon our host, seconded by his wife, declared that if he had known as much beforehand, he would have given no countenance to the meeting (they both attended the meeting, and were well pleased)—would not have consented to harbour us over night (we had been invited to stay with them)—and, as it was, would charge us for our keeping. After informing him of his ignorance of the first principles of the Anti-Slavery Reform, and that he had come into the world some five centuries after his time—that he belonged to the dark ages, I called for our bill of fare and our horse, though it was then near 12 o'clock at night. About that time, however, the tumult of pious passion began to subside, and we were at last very strongly urged to tarry, without money and without price, which we consented to do, on the acknowledgment that much had been said under temporary excitement. We also promised to call no names—reserving the privilege of stating the facts.—J. H. F.

*The writer refers to a theological discussion going on in the village, which had kept the people away from the Anti-Slavery meetings. We omit the passage of his letter referring to this discussion, as not strictly in place in our columns, however just they may be in themselves.

The *Camden* (S. C.) *Journal* is informed that at the sale of that portion of the estate of the late John S. Cunningham, lying in Pickens County, Ala., negro women brought from $1,000 to $1,100, and fellows from $1,100 to $1,256, while families sold at corresponding rates.

The Wilmington (*N. C.*) *Journal* makes the following remarks on the sale of negroes in that place:

"We give the *sales* of a few that have been effected from the 1st of January. We note as follows: Women, aged from 28 to 45 years, brought from $665 to $895; a family (mother and three children, very ordinary, but young), $1,525; a man, aged 45, his wife and two children, $1,810; a man, no age given, $1,118; and a woman and four children, $1,850. The above sales were either for cash or ninety days credit, interest added, with approved notes payable at Bank. These sales and the annual hirings were made at public auction; others were hired privately at prices ranging from $150 to $300, as to quality, and business to be pursued.

"It is not likely that negroes will be lower, especially while cotton and naval stores keep up to anything in the neighbourhood of present prices, and there is not much prospect of a material decline, for some time at least. And again, the influx of gold from California, even should both cotton and naval stores decline in price, will have a powerful tendency toward keeping labour up to the present mark."

We find the following in the Brandon (Miss.) *Republican*, of Dec. 16: "A tragical affair occurred in the southwestern portion of this County on Monday evening last. Mr. William Williams, a planter living on Richland Creek, as we understand, had recovered the possession of a negro named George that had for some time been run away. Mr. Williams, on his return from Jackson, chastised the negro with considerable severity, and had him confined with a chain. During the night the negro by some means released himself from his confinement, and having obtained possession of an axe, he inflicted two severe blows on the head of his master. The negro made his escape on the same night, and has not since been arrested, though a company are now in pursuit of him. Mr. Williams's life is despaired of at the last accounts. One of the blows which he received was with the pole of an axe on the forehead, which fractured the skull; the other was with the blade on the top of the head. Since writing the above we have learned that Mr. Williams died on Tuesday, and the negro had not, at latest accounts, been captured, though a company with dogs were in pursuit."

Deaths.

Ruth Galbreath.—On the morning of December 25th, Ruth Galbreth, wife of Nathan Galbreath, at their residence in New Garden, aged 73 years.

From the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement, the slave has had no advocate more energetic and persevering than the deceased. She and her venerable partner were among the first to extend helpful sympathy to Benjamin Lundy in his efforts to arouse the nation to the wrongs of the slave, by publishing the Genius of Universal Emancipation. In his efforts to arouse the nation against the annexation of Texas as an Emporium for *human* chattels they gave him efficient support. Ruth Galbreath was among the first to welcome the *Liberator* into the field of contest with oppression, and during the twenty years of its existence she has been one of its most constant and delighted readers. Its stern, uncompromising advocacy of the rights of man, especially of the outraged slave, has ever called forth her warmest sympathy. Nor did she ever object to the paper or its Editor because it sometimes gave utterance to sentiments on other matters which she could not approve. She had a bold, discriminating and far-reaching mind, and accorded to all others, and claimed and exercised for herself, the most absolute and unrestricted freedom of thought and expression on all subjects pertaining to human welfare. She deemed no opinions, practices or institutions, in religion, government, or social and domestic life, too sacred to be investigated and improved, or abandoned, as reason, affection, or justice might decide. From their commencement she has read the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*. No woman in the country has been more thoroughly conversant with the Anti-Slavery Enterprise than Ruth Galbreath, so far as information could be obtained from Anti-Slavery publications. *Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

Judd.—In Augusta, Me., Rev. Sylvanus Judd, pastor of the Unitarian church and society in that place. His loss is most deeply to be deplored. He was the author of 'Margaret,' 'Philo,' 'Richard Edney,' and other works of sterling merit. He has died young.

Burleigh.—In Plainfield, Ct., on the 24th ultimo, Lydia Burleigh, wife of Rinaldo Burleigh, aged 73 years 9½ months. She was the mother of C. C. and C. M. Burleigh, and has always been a faithful intelligent, and energetic friend to the Anti-Slavery Cause.

☞ Thirty Dollars has been placed in the hands of the Directors to be offered as a Premium for THE BEST ANTI-SLAVERY TRACT, which shall be written for publication by the Am. Reform Tract and Book Society. Manuscripts should be directed to Rev. C. B. Boynton, Cor. Sec., Cincinnatti, O.; and must be sent before the 1st day of March next. None thus sent, excepting the one receiving the premium, will be published without a previous arrangement with the author.

Postponement.

OLD SARATOGA DISTRICT ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

In consequence of the prevalence of Small Pox in the Village where the Meeting was to be held, it is decided to abandon the idea of holding a Convention, at least for the present.

Samuel Wilson, Secretary.

North Easton, 2d mo. 2d, 1853.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,

TO BE HELD ON

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

The 19th, 20th and 21st of April, 1853.

To the Friends of Universal Liberty, we again send forth our earnest call to come together in Convention.

Freedom is an inestimable blessing, Slavery an unspeakable evil; all history bears record to the struggles of the wise, the good and the great in behalf of Freedom. The noblest of men, and the greatest of the nations, have always valued it above all price. In our day it certainly ought to be no less precious. And Slavery being the very opposite of Freedom, is its deadliest foe.

Can we then, fellow-citizens, be engaged in a better work than that of assembling in a zealous and Christian spirit, to consult how most effectually the Abolition of Slavery may be brought about?

The slaveholders and their numerous allies have become the ruling power in this nation; this Slave Power controls the two great political parties, makes Presidents, governs official appointments, directs legislation, and what is worse than all, corrupts the sources of Religion and Morals, making our Christianity a pretence, and our Republicanism a sham: It desires above all things to be let alone, quietly to perpetrate its abominations, and determines to stop agitation.

Humanity, duty, and interest, on the other hand, call aloud on the friends of Freedom to agitate without ceasing, and to maintain an active and unflinching opposition to the Power of Slavery.

Fully persuaded of the righteousness of the Cause, and confiding in the blessing of Almighty God, we invite *all*, without reference to sect or party, sex or colour (so they be agreed in one thing, an honest hatred of Slavery), to come together to counsel, to encourage, and to plan for renewed and increasing efforts; to unite in sending forth a voice from the Metropolis of the Great West, declarstory of the growing hatsed of the people to this cruel iniquity.

That veteran champion of Human Rights, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, of Boston, intends to take part in the Convention—so also does Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, of Massachusetts; and many other distinguished speakers will be specially invited, and are expected to attend.

Christian Donaldson,
Sarah Otis Ernst,
Wm. Henry Brisbane,
Elizabeth T. Coleman,
Julia Harwood,
Andrew H. Ernst,
Mary M. Guild,
Mary W. Mann,
John Jolliffe,
Amanda E. Lewis,
Edward Harwood,
Nathan M. Guild,

Board of Managers of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Circle of Cincinnati.

N. B. We respectfully request the Editors of newspapers to insert the above Call.

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1.
THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conserv.)
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THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
4.
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).
5.
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their *literary* character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the fatherly care of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel" (both by Bulwer), "The Green Hand," "Katie Stewart," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fasc

Miscellaneous Department.

RHABDOMANCY, OR BLETONISM.

In the agricultural portion of the Patent Report just issued, we find a singular paper on the art of finding water by means of the divining rod—a process which we do not often hear of in modern times, and which scientific men and philosophers have pronounced a delusion. The paper alluded to is a communication from Alfred Burnson, of Prarie du Chien, Wisconsin. He states that in 1812 he settled on a springless farm in Ohio, expecting to obtain water by digging a well. A neighbour who had, on an adjoining farm, obtained good water only fourteen feet from the surface of the ground by means of Bletonism (which is defined by Webster to be "the faculty of perceiving and indicating subterraneous springs and currents by sensation—so-called from one Bleton, of France, who possessed this faculty"), urged him to try the same means.

Mr. Burnson did not believe in it, and declined. He spent the greater part of three years in digging for water, and without success. He then, from motives of curiosity, invited a "water philosopher" to try his skill. The man, by mere accident, had ascertained that he possessed the power of finding water. By experimenting he discovered the fact that the rod would be attracted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and that from the point at which the attraction commenced to where the attraction was perpendicular, would indicate the depth to dig to reach the water. The divining rod and its use are thus described:

"The most ordinary instrument used is a fork, of peach, hazel, or willow, of the last year's growth, so as to be small, slim, and full of sap. The tip ends are placed horizontally in the hands, the palms of which are upwards; this brings the fork upwards in the shape of an inverted V—thus, Λ; and in the hands of those with whom it will work—for it does not work with every one—the fork end is attracted by the water, if living spring water, under ground—but not by dead, or standing, stagnant water, nor by what is called *deep* water. It is also attracted by silver, iron, or other metals which attract the electric fluid, for electricity is the secret of the matter after all."

Having, as before stated, procured the services of a professor of this—what in olden times was considered—black art, Mr. Burnson thus describes the result:

"All this, however—his high character and his explanations—did not remove my doubts. He prepared his peach-twig fork, and I placed him over a well which I had dug, and which was at this time full of surface or deep-water—wishing, if possible, not to lose the labour thus expended. But this deep-water had no effect whatever on the rod. The operator then travelled slowly, I keeping my eye upon the rod and his hands, to see if the turning of the rod was not from the motion of his own hands. At length the butt or forked end of the rod went down, the operator holding his hands upon the rod so tightly to prevent its slipping, that they turned purple, and I could plainly see that the twig ends of the rod did not slip or turn round in his hand, but that the twigs actually twisted, so that the bark broke and gave way. When I saw this I gave up. What I saw with my own eyes, and that, too, against strong prejudices, I could not doubt. He selected the spot where the dip of the rod was the strongest, and measured the depth by the 45° rule, and I stuck the stake to dig by. In the ensuing autumn, when all was dry, I dug and found the depth, quantity and quality of the water just as he had told me."

This is remarkable; but as it came within the writer's own experience and observation, and as we presume he is known at the Patent Office, perhaps we ought not to question the accuracy of the statement. The writer farther says that a short time after, he saw a statement in the public prints, taken, as he thinks, from the *Cultivator* of New York, over the signature of a respectable Quaker, that water had been obtained by the same instrumentality in that state. In that case the "water philosopher" fixed upon a spot near the corner of the house of his employer and informed him that water would be found there at the depth of twenty feet. The man's divininations were scoffed at, for the reason that within a few feet of the place fixed upon, a well had been dug at ninety feet without finding water. On digging, however, water was found as predicted, and the Quaker got him to select several other sites on the farm for wells for stock, and published his discovery for the benefit of his fellow-men!

The art of discovering water by means of the divining rod, although scouted by many intelligent and philosophical observers as a self-delusion or intentional deception, is, nevertheless, by others believed to be a "real gift," which may be unconsciously possessed by many persons. Facts go to show that this power of divination has been exercised with success in all ages and in various countries. The practice of this gift is called *rhabdomancy*. It was known even to the ancients. Keiser, a German writer, says, from the most remote periods. Snorro Sterieson, a Swedish writer, in a work published in 1697, relates that Odin knew where gold and silver ore lay hidden under the surface of the earth. Martin Del Rio, in his "Six Books of Magical Disquisitions," published at Cologne in 1633, relates that there were some Spaniards, called Zahuris, who saw things concealed under the surface of the earth, such as veins of water, and ores, dead bodies, &c.

In the South of France and Switzerland, it is said that even down to the present time this art is frequently made use of under the name of metalloscope (the art of feeling or discovering metals), and of hydroscope (the art of feeling or discovering water).

Campetti, an Italian, made quite a stir in the early part of the present century, by pretending to be capable of ascertaining, by his feelings, the places metals and water existed under ground. The King of Bavaria sent for him in 1806, and his experiments at Munich were successful. His aparatus was a pendulum of sulphurous pyrites.

But perhaps the most direct and authentic evidence in favour of the reality of this gift is that of the celebrated Adam Clarke, who, in a little pamphlet published some thirty years ago, stated that when stationed in his capacity of preacher in the Guernsey islands, he found among his flock a man who pretended to, or rather did, tell people where to dig for and obtain good water. Dr. Clarke believed it to be a deception, and cited the man to trial for attempting to impose on the people.

Upon the trial the accused proved by several respectable witnesses that he had told them where to dig, that they had done so, and found water as he predicted. Still the doctor thought there was some mistake or accident, if not imposition, and requested the accused to select a spot to dig in his presence, that he might test the matter in person. This was done, and the water found. But lest this might have been an accident, the experiment was again tried, and with success. Dr. Clarke was satisfied. He attempted to find a reason for the phenomenon, but, not succeeding, concluded that it was a special gift of God to some, for the benefit of the human race!

As we have already stated, philosophical observers have not recognised the existence of this power, consequently the causes of the phenomena, if such phenomena really exist, have never been investigated by the light of science. Mr. Barnson, whose statement we have given above, attributes the dip of the divining rod to electricity. His theory is, that this intangible and wonderful fluid is distributed throughout the whole earth, but that some bodies generate or imbibe more of it than others. Those that contain more than their natural proportion being positively, and the others negatively charged, they uniformly attract each other. Beds of ore or native metals and veins of water are good conductors, and attract or absorb the latent electricity from surrounding objects. They are positively charged.

Now, according to Mr. Barnson's theory, some individuals usually generate or imbibe a very small amount of electricity, or are highly negatively charged. The water beneath the feet of such individuals having absorbed the electricity of the adjacent bodies in the earth, is positively charged, and the individuals being negatively charged, there is a mutual attraction, the rod forming the connection between the two opposite poles.

We suppose that Mr. Barnson must be a gentleman of respectable character and known veracity, otherwise his account of these strange results would not have been published in the official report. We have seen that they are confirmed by reports of similar experiments in other quarters. The subject is one of no ordinary interest to every one who has occasion to dig a well or search for minerals; and we hope that the head of the agricultural bureau in the Patent office will not let the matter drop here, but will investigate the subject, and ascertain, so far as possible, how far this doctrine of *rhabdomancy* is founded in truth.

It will not do in this age of wonders and of "progress" to sneer at phenomena, either physical, intellectual, or political, which we do not understand, or which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by any known scientific laws. Let us hear first, and then, if we think proper, condemn. Electricity, magnetism, gravitation, the rotation of the earth, the seasons, and in fact all the phenomena of nature, were mysterious until the investigations of men of science edvced the laws by which they are governed, and classified them under certain natural laws. Should an investigation establish the reality of rhabdomancy, the laws which govern the phenomena would soon be ascertained.—*Boston Journal.*

SHERIDAN.

Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, &c., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice, by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; and hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into Parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him £4,000 to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince £4,000 as no slavery whatever. "I shall then," he said, "*only* owe him £4,000, which will leave me as free as air." * * * * Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at least, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from Parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings' trial, particularly, it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for Privy Councillors, and himself excluded. * * * In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the overstrained notions he had of perfection, were very favourable to his style of oratory, in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in his bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between 1 or 2, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public house for a dram. There was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable. * * * * One day at Sheridan's house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant, in passing, threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled poor Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "And how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to excuse himself. "And you d—d fool," said S., "have you made all that noise for nothing?" * * * * Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him, told him he had made his will, and had out him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"—*Moore's Journal.*

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.*

It goes against the grain to find fault with Lord John. It is most ungracious to rebuke the admirable spirit with which men of his order have set to work of late, identifying themselves with the literary taste of the age, descending from their social eminence in order to win still higher honour from intellectual labour, and borrowing lustre from pursuits that add to the dignity of the noblest, as they give refinement and grace to the meanest, of men. The homage paid by the rulers of our country within the last few years to the literary profession is among the most remarkable features of our remarkable time. An aristocratic chieftain sitting at the same council table with a tribune of the people is surely a less marvellous sight than a Prime Minister discoursing before the busy operatives of a manufacturing city upon the universality of Shakspeare, and the tutored elegance of Pope. Hitherto it has been a grievance, no less than a reproach, to the literary man, that for him no niche has been assigned in the social fabric. Assuredly, it will be his own fault now if he does not discover his rightful place, and take rank with his fellows.

We declare that no praise can exaggerate the merits of the dukes, earls and barons who have fairly confessed to assembled multitudes that civilised man has something yet nobler to boast of than magnificent descent, and who by their acts have vindicated a glory surpassing that achieved on the battle-field by fire and sword. But let us be permitted to say, something more is required than the bare recognition of the dignity of a profession from him who undertakes to follow it for his own credit and the public advantage. If literature reveals occasionally the preternatural signs of inspired genius, it also includes the more numerous productions of instructed and painstaking art. There is no royal road to science, and certainly no ducal avenue to philosophy or verse. Welcome, noble lords, to the workshop, but do not scorn the tools! Labour with us if you will—take your fair portion of the wages earned, but grudge not the sweat that sweetens toil and makes it fructify. Wear the laurel in your coronet, but show your title to the leaf!

Lord John Russell has not edited the memoirs of Thomas Moore. He has not even done the next best thing. He is a Minister of State, and knows the worth of those unseen hands which undergo official drudgery for the service of their betters. He has not availed himself of the knowledge and experience of a man of letters, whose advice might have been usefully taken in the back-room, while his Lordship was acquiring all possible respect for his undertaking in the front. It is only too evident that his Lordship has suffered his materials to pass through his hands to the press unexamined and unsifted. The two volumes issued comprise the fragment of an autobiography, which, unfortunately, comes suddenly to a close before the writer has reached his 20th year; 400 letters, dating from 1793 to 1818, and the beginning of a diary, the first entry of which is made on the 18th of August, 1818, and the last on the 30th of August of the year following. We have no hesitation in stating, that of the 400 letters, at least 300 might have been dispensed with, and that of the diary a considerable portion might have been omitted without disappointment to the reader or disadvantage to the fame of Thomas Moore. It is very clear that if Lord John intends to proceed with his subsequent volumes on the plan he has adopted with the first two, no ordinary book-shelf will suffice for his contribution; and it is equally certain that, after all, we shall be as ill off for a true life of the poet as we were before his Lordship undertook to edit his memoirs.

If it be not too late, we would respectfully volunteer to Lord John Russell a simple suggestion. The stuff which yet remains in his hands must be abundant, and no doubt contains the elements of a good biographical work. The public are not solicitous for all the letters of a deceased poet, unless such letters have intrinsic value as records of noteworthy facts, or are remarkable and instructive specimens of prose composition. When Southey published the life of Cowper, and made the letters of that poet the most prominent feature of his work, he had justification for his act, for more charming epistles had never appeared in ancient or modern times, and Englishmen could not peruse them without lasting edification and delight. Southey's own letters, subsequently communicated to the world by the Laureate's son, came to us in profusion; but they also found an apology in the exquisite playfulness of their style, in the learning which they occasionally revealed, and in the fine English with which they were invariably clothed. Now, let us admire the poetry of Tom Moore as we may, it is impossible to assert that his letters—judging from the specimens already given—add anything to his fame, or very much to the information which Englishmen are anxious to obtain concerning the public life or private doings of the author of Lalla Rookh. Out of the 400 published letters, there are positively not a dozen that communicate anything worth recording of his inner or outer self, that have reference to the current public events of his time, that touch on anything of the poet's struggles, aspirations, difficulties, and triumphs. All of them, no doubt, are full of warmth, feeling, goodness; but of such qualities all men know Moore to have been possessed, and hundreds of assurances were not required to reach our conviction on the point, especially if the unnecessary evidence could not be accompanied with some morsels of substantial knowledge and historical illustration. Simple, pleasant utterances of a man's gay spirit have no permanent interest, and weary by their frequency and repetition, even though they proceed from the bosom of a minstrel. Light, moreover, as Moore's correspondence is, we are compelled to say that it loses what little weight legitimately belongs to it from a carelessness that is really without excuse. Three letters following upon each other's heels, but all addressed to different individuals, contain a pretty fancy about "snow, pioneers, and shovels." It was lawful enough for Moore to excite a smile by one and the same joke on the countenances of three distinct correspondents; but it is most unwise in Lord John to awaken a feeling of impatience by the reiteration of light wit upon the ears of one and the same reader. Again! If letters have no sensible substance in themselves, in the hands of a skillful editor importance may be lent to them by a line or two of connection and explanation. Not one solitary link is supplied by Lord John Russell; so that if interest is here and there by accident awakened, it expires almost as soon as born, for the want of a sentence to denote the character, position, and relationship of the correspondent—the exciting cause of the writer's transient inspiration. Letter after letter is addressed to individuals of whom no mention is made throughout the volumes, except at the heads of the letters themselves.

Our suggestion is, that Lord John Russell, either with his own head, or, if that be now too gravely employed, on business of State with the aid of a competent assistant, shall deal with the remaining letters of the poet as so much raw material for biography rather than as biography itself. Heaps of bricks are not a house; and no architect contemplates unhewn stone and rough timber with superstitious and unmeaning affection. If it be really of vital consequence to print all that a poet has prosaically written, good or bad, to the purpose or away from it, we cannot see why biographers should not go a little further, and publish a particular account of all the colds and influenzas his hero has suffered, illustrated by the prescriptions made up in order to remove them. Letters, diaries, memoranda, or whatever else the illustrious leave behind them, are sacred relics of which the surviving trustees are bound to make the best use in the interests of society as well as of the departed. Those interests are wholly neglected when the documents are delivered over without examination, and irrespectively of the public need. What is the duty of a biographer if it be not to discover, not only from the diaries, letters, and acknowledged writings of an author, but from every other attainable source, the true character of his subject, in order that he may present to the world, out of his mind, a complete, truthful, and harmonious picture—a living lesson snatched from the grave, for the service of humanity to the latest time?

Space is not thrown away, and time is not lost, by emphatically calling attention to these points. On the contrary, we gladly seize the present opportunity to impress once more upon our writers the necessity of dealing with biography as with any other branch of literature and art, and of bringing to bear upon this most important department of writing the same conscientiousness and skill as are deemed indispensable in other kinds of composition. It is certainly due to Lord John Russell to state, that if he has not surpassed in efficiency the majority of our recent biographers, he has also not fallen much below them. He has stumbled, it is true, upon the same path as his predecessors, but with a better excuse, it may be, than they can show for going lazily into the old track. We are aware that Thomas Moore consigned all his papers to Lord John Russell, for the benefit of his widow, and we can well understand that Lord John might consider his stewardship most satisfactorily performed when he had secured the largest possible price for his wares. Poor Tom Moore was scarcely in his grave before it was announced that the princely house of Longman had handed over to Lord John Russell £3,000 for the precious papers; and we rejoiced at the increasing value of literary labour. But we can rejoice no longer if we are to be told that Messrs. Longman are "to bring themselves home" by the publication of some dozen volumes, which, interesting, in many respects, as they must be, are not called for by the public, and from which readers will not derive the information they are promised, and for which they are anxious. It will be a reflection upon editor and publisher if, after all the volumes have appeared, it shall be found—as we fear must be the case—that the poet's life actually remains to be be written; and we cannot but think that even the pecuniary interests of Messrs. Longman would, so far from suffering, have been advanced, had these gentlemen taken courage to deal with the posthumous papers of Moore as the genuine and valuable ingredients of a moderately sized and perfect history, rather than as a complete and all-sufficient work in itself.

In the *preface* to the two volumes before us Lord J. Russell states that two embarrassments chiefly weighed upon him while preparing these papers for the press. In the first place, he was embarrassed by the fear of overloading his work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving; and, secondly, deeming that the poet had left much to his biographer's discretion, he was visited by an anxiety "to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected." Truth compels us to remark, that the amount of "embarrassment," whatever it might be, was manifestly insufficient to save his Lordship from the commission of the very errors which he tried to avoid; for, not only are the two volumes, as already intimated, fearfully over-laden with letters that are altogether valueless; but "private and hallowed feelings" are by no means respected to the extent that sincere piety would suggest. Had Lord John been visited with profitable compunctions, he would unquestionably have omitted from the diary much that has reference to the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Had he perused his documents with ordinary care he would have expunged much that bears upon the history of Thomas Moore himself. That the editor has not taken extraordinary trouble with his interesting occupation is made singularly evident by one instance of carelessness, which we strongly recommend to the notice of Messrs. Longman, whenever they publish a second edition. In the second page of his autobiography, written in his early manhood, Thomas Moore deliberately states that "on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born." In vol. 2, page 253, Lord John Russell writes in a note—there are not a half a dozen notes in the two volumes—that "it must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780."

It must be borne in mind, that although the *Life of Sheridan* was not published by Moore until 1825, yet, as he states in the preface to that work, the first four chapters of the life were written as far back as 1818; and it is now clear from the diary that the years 1818 and 1819 were to some extent occupied in the collection of facts and anecdotes relating to this biographical undertaking. In truth, the diary, as far as it reaches, is, for the most part, a commonplace book for the reception of *Sheridaniana*. Moore pays visits, makes calls, dines out mainly to collect gossip for his future publication; and the reader will not be astonished to learn that a plentiful harvest of scandal was gathered and duly garnered up in the note-book in question. We are forced to inquire whether it did not once occur to Lord John Russell that justice to the living as well as to the dead might demand the erasure of passages never, we are convinced, written down for permanent record, and only admitted at the time into the poet's diary as recollections of gossip idly dropped, though industriously picked up, at the dinner-table? Poor Sharry! Has the grave covered over these forty years, the faults and foibles of your melancholy life only that they may be now dragged to light again with a more offensive odor by your self-styled friends? Are there no hearts still throbbing to whom the memory of Sheridan may be dear and precious, who have "private and hallowed feelings" worthy of respect, and who may not be disposed to prove, so easily they might, the inconsistency of the idle tale writ down in the diary, with the solemn judgment pronounced by Moore himself in the published life of Richard Brinsley? The impression of Sheridan derived by the reader of Moore's diary, as Lord John Russell has suffered it to go forth to the world, unstripped of any of its light and idle gossip, is that the author of the "School for Scandal" was a swindler and a scoundrel. But surely this Moore's opinion of his eloquent countryman, we have the best reason in the world for disbelieving—to wit, the evidence submitted by Moore himself in his life of the orator and dramatist. Those memoirs, albeit written at the time rather with the view of meeting the prepossessions of his Whig patrons, than of apologising for the frailties of the dead and defenceless man of genius, contain deliberate and frank admissions wholly incompatable with the feeling inspired by the stories that are left to blast Sheridan's memory in the diary—admissions which, if they prove anything at all, show, beyond a doubt, that although in his search for materials Moore did not hesitate to note down for remembrance every anecdote and piece of information, indifferent or good, that came in his way, yet eventually, after seven years' investigation of the whole case, he felt bound to dismiss from his mind all the calumnies that envy and hatred had engendered, and all the scandal which, unfortunately, a too lax career had provoked. Was it, we ask, for Lord John to expose in such a case as this what Moore himself had suppressed? We find it stated in the diary that "*the conduct of Sheridan was of the meanest and most swindling kind*," and that, "*his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism.*" Hard measure this for poor Sheridan, did not the memoirs, seven years subsequently, give the lie broadly to the whole assertion. Those memoirs distinctly state—we entreat Lord John Russell, at his leisure, to refer to them—that, although it was only during the last few years of his life that Sheridan behaved recklessly, yet, even "amid all the distresses of these latter years, he appears but rarely to have had recourse to pecuniary assistance from friends;" they aver that, whatever may have been the faults of the man, the tremendous sufferings of his last days were more than a sufficient expiation for his sins; that his sense of what was right survived his ability to practice it; that he "always *meant* fairly and honourably, and that to the inevitable pressure of circumstances alone any failure that occurred in his engagements was to be imputed;" that, "so far from never paying his debts, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, *always* paying;" that "his debts were by no means so considerable as has been supposed;" that he often paid a debt twice over rather than run the risk of not paying it at all; that, if his pecuniary irregularities are to be considered in reference to the injury they inflicted upon others, the quantum of evil for which he is responsible becomes, after all, not so great," that "one actually wonders at the unlucky management which contrived to found so extensive a reputation for bad pay upon so small an amount of debt;" that "there are few to whose kind and affectionate conduct, in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honourable testimonies remain;" that "it is impossible to regard his career otherwise than with the most charitable allowances;" and that, finally, "had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in private—he might have died a rich apostate instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary—he might have hid his head in a coronet, instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public gratitude."

We do not murmur because "noble associates," who never moved a finger to help the living, took delight in blackening the good name of the dead; but we do complain that Lord John Russell when he met with the slanders heaped upon the head of a man who, though from the ranks, still, like himself, loved literature with the same ardour that he cherished popular rights, did not inflict upon his memory bitter wounds, oh, how much easier to open than to heal! One hour spent in the study of the *Life of Sheridan*, by Thomas Moore, would have sufficed to prove to Lord John Russell the propriety and absolute necessity of drawing his pen across the unauthenticated passages in the diary, which are fatal to the reader's good opinion of Sheridan. That hour was too much, and the present generation are accordingly, left by his Lordship, without one syllable of counsel or of warning, to believe that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a swindler, a debaucher, and a libertine, with not one solitary redeeming virtue to raise him from the dust in which he lies.

But Moore himself suffers almost as much as Sheridan from his editor's want of thought and care. The mother of the poet had a laudable ambition. She was the wife of a man who kept a small wine store in Dublin; but she was also the mother of a lad who from his childhood exhibited remarkable ability, and her strongest passion was to raise the youth as high as she could in the social scale. Tom was placed as early as possible in the way of great people, and we must add the youth took to his company as cordially and eagerly as it took to him. It is no wonder that the larger portion of Moore's letters should be addressed to a fond mother; and it is not a matter of surprise that the greater number of these letters should be filled with childish expressions of delight and vanity at the condescension of the fine society to which the poet—because he could sing and otherwise amuse it—had found instant admittance. But it certainly is astonishing that such epistles which could have been intended only for the mother's heart, should be now offensively thrust before the stranger's eye, which cannot choose but turn involuntarily from communications with which it has no concern and which it can never properly appreciate. Had Lord John Russell desired to create a feeling of disgust in the minds of his readers, he could not have set about the task in a more business-like manner than by the publication of such letters as the following. We will give a brief specimen at length; there are unfortunately dozens to match:

CHATSWORTH, Jan. 25, 1815.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you; they are all chattering at this moment about me—dukes, countesses, &c., &c. It is, to be sure, a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lady and Lord Harroway and their daughter (he is a Minister, you know), Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Borington, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke himself, and the poet *myself*, with one or two more *inferior* personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here. I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you, with better accounts than my father gave me in his last. Ever your own, TOM.

We can see the flush of maternal pride that suffuses the old lady's cheek as she reads this valuable communication for the twentieth time. We can also understand the unsatisfactory feeling with which the indulgent reader peruses it for the first. Why is it necessary to perpetuate such documents? What do they show us of the poet's life which we care to look at? What characteristic do they illustrate which we are solicitous to admire? Why should we, page after page, be annoyed when no annoyance was intended? and why are the sacred communications of mother and child to be thrown indiscriminately to a word that makes no allowances for the extravagances of affection when it is severely appealed to as a critic and a judge!

Let no man henceforth leave his papers to the discretion of an editor until he has prudently reduced to ashes whatever documents a decent regard to his character for consistency renders it necessary to destroy. Tom Moore is not generally a moralist, whether in his diary or in his letters; but one entry in the former is too remarkable for the distinct enunciation of a fine moral sentiment to be overlooked. The question is concerning the paternity of Scott's novels. "Another argument," writes Moore, "between us (Rogers and himself) was the justifiableness of a man asserting solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really was. *I maintained that no man had a right to put himself* into a situation which required lies to support him in it. Rogers quoted Paley, about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question, and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last Rogers acknowledged that saying 'on his honour' was going too far; AS IF THE SIMPLE, SOLEMN ASSERTION WAS NOT EQUALLY SACRED!" We recommend Lord John to compare this stern entry in the diary with the following looser passage from letter 218, vol. 2, p. 321. It is addressed to Mr. Power, the publisher of Moore's music: "I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few new ones to them for publication. * * * * I *shall, of course, deny the trifles I am now doing; yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.*" What imaginable need was there to retain either of these observations, and what, at all events, but downright madness or premeditated malice could have suggested the printing of both!

But Lord John is not content with exhibiting this single instance of self-contradiction! He keeps back nothing likely to damage his hero. What editor but his lordship would have thought it necessary to transmit to posterity the following letter, addressed by Moore to his mother?

"There is so much call for the opera that I have made a present of it to little Power to publish; that is, nominally, I have made a present of it, and am to have the greater part of the profits, notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—one, that it looks more dignified, and, the second, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have everything of consequence to give Longman."

Or the following to Mr. Power:

"I told you a little *fib* about the *Examiner*, and the reason was, I had no idea it would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to you. That is, however, the only squib I have sent Perry since I left town."

Or the following to Mr. Longman, which puts forth an announcement quite as dishonourable—if dishonour there be at all—as Sir Walter's half-serious denial of authorship; Moore is speaking of Lalla Rookh, which is not yet completed—"I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished*; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season. This I do in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c."

It would be easy to repeat these instances *ad nauseam*. But we forbear. None but the most indifferent hand would have permitted them to remain without one syllable of comment or explanation in the teeth of such paragraphs as those we have quoted from the diary; for, standing in their nakedness, they indicate a prevailing state of mind which we are convinced did not belong to Thomas Moore, and convey a seriousness which the writer never intended to attach to the syllables Thomas Moore was not an habitual liar, yet we must conclude from the above gravely recorded passages that he was a hypocrite and a liar both. We repeat, a very little trouble and time only were necessary to qualify the force of expressions uttered in lightness of heart and with no disposition to deceive. But the trouble and time are not vouchsafed. Tom Moore left part of an autobiography behind him; he left piles of letters behind him; he left a huge diary behind him; and here the whole cartload is cast in a confused and undistinguished heap before us, in order that we may ourselves extract as best we may the jewel that lies imbedded there.

We shall humbly endeavour to perform this office. An interesting life is that of Thomas Moore, and not without its uses. It shall be our part to trace its course for the advantage of the reader from its origin until the period at which the present volumes leave it. Grateful as we are for the spirit in which Lord John Russell has undertaken this service of love, and eager as we are to welcome the spirit of literary brotherhood that has exhibited itself in high places, we can only lament that those volumes are less satisfactory than we know it to be in the power of Lord John Russell to have rendered them.—*The (London) Times.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION—IS IT POSSIBLE?

The readers of the December number of Bleak House, or of our comments upon it, will recollect that Dickens "spontaneously combusted a venerable party," as Mr. Snagsby has it. In a word, old Krook was disposed of in a catastrophe of spontaneous combustion.

On the question of the taste of the author in discomposing the nerves of the nice, and offending the sensibilities and the noses of the delicate, we have nothing to say just now. We will leave the Miss Lavenders and the Master Pinks to the refreshment of their smelling bottles and perfumed cambric, while, with closed olfactories and unmoved nerves and in the cold blood of philosophy, we will turn over this unsavoury subject of spontaneous combustion.

Some scientific doubters, in the *London Leader*, for example, turned up their noses at the effete and rank philosophy of Dickens, as the delicate did theirs at his positively shocking bad taste. These scientific doubters hold that science is against the author; that, judged by the principles of modern organic chemistry, he must be found guilty of having libelled truth in giving currency to a vulgar error. Dickens meets the charge in his new number, naturally enough, in the course of the investigation of old Krook's death—"the late melancholy event which has aroused so much sensation," as mine-host Bogsby, of the Sol's Arms, feelingly remarks in his operatic announcement for the evening, with "Swills and Miss Melvilleson and the whole strength of the company in the popular song of King Death," while Bogsby consoles himself with the prospect of a full house and endless calls at his bar for gin and shrub.

Dickens cites authorities, and gives chapter and verse, and lays down the law of spontaneous combustion with the pugnacity of a polemic and the dogmatism of a college professor, thus:

"Out of the court, and a long way out of it, there is considerable excitement too; for men of science and philosophy came to look, and carriages set down doctors at the corner, who arrive with the same intent, and there is more learned talk about inflammable gases and phosphuretted hydrogen than the court has ever imagined. Some of these authorities (of course the wisest) hold with indignation that the deceased had no business to die in the alleged manner; and being reminded by other authorities of a certain inquiry into the evidence for such deaths, reprinted in the sixth volume of the Philosophical Transactions; and also of a book not quite unknown, on English Medical Jurisprudence; and likewise of the Italian case of the Countess Cornelia Bandi, as set forth in detail by one Bianchini, prebendary of Verona, who wrote a scholarly work or so, and was occasionally heard of in his time as having gleams of reason in him; and also of the testimony of Messrs. Foderé and More, two pestilent Frenchmen who *would* investigate the subject; and further, of the corroborative testimony of Monsieur Le Cat, a rather celebrated French surgeon once upon a time, who had the unpoliteness to live in a house where such a case occurred, and even to write an account of it; still they regard the late Mr. Krook's obstinacy, in going out of the world by any such by-way, as wholly unjustifiable and personally offensive."

The question stands thus. A host of witnesses and authorities bear concurrent testimony to the *fact* of spontaneous combustion, while chemistry cannot reconcile the *fact* with the principles. The phenomena are described by Dickens, literally, in accordance with the statements of the medical authorities.

Beck, in his Medical Jurisprudence, asks, "Can there be such a thing as PRETERNATURAL COMBUSTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN BODY?" and cautiously answers, "Several cases are recorded of this nature," and then goes on and cites a multiplicity of instances. Beck avoids the term *spontaneous* combustion, because in that term is presumed the determination of the question still undecided, as to whether this combustion of the human body, though preternatural, is strictly spontaneous, or requires the application of fire from without.

Doctor Dickens' case of Krook, like those of other eminent medical authorities, for Box has now made good his title to the doctorate, does not necessarily involve the absolute spontaneousness of the combustion, since we are informed that Krook was sitting before a fire, reading by a candle. Preternatural combustion of the human body, whether spontaneous or not, is *sui generis*, and differs from ordinary burning. The former is rapid, is accompanied with a peculiar odour, gives rise to a moist, oily and sooty matter which settles in sticky flakes upon surrounding objects, the furniture and walls, and is almost complete, reducing the body to a charred mass, like a burned log of wood; it is, however, curiously exceptional, leaving the most combustible parts untouched, as the hair, and completely consuming those that are least so, as the liver and spleen, and, moreover, seldom extending to surrounding objects. Ordinary combustion of the human body requires a large quantity of fuel, is very slow, and, the heat being powerful, readily extends to other objects in the neighbourhood.

Beck cites forty cases, on the authority of the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society, Bianchini, Le Cat, Pierre Aimé Lair, Tillooh, Foderé, Philosophical Transactions of London, Vicq-d'Azyr, the Journal de Medicine, Billard Scherf, the London Medical and Physical Journal, Hecker's Annales, Archives Generales, Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, Midland Medical and Surgical Reporter of England, Medico. Chirurg. Review, Journal des Connaisances Medico-Chirurgicales, Devergie, Lancette Française, &c.

There are several American cases; one, described by Gen. Wm. Shepperd, in a letter, which occurred in Massachusetts, in the year 1803, when all that was left of an old woman "was a sort of greasy soot and ashes, with the remains of a human body and an unusual smell in the room;" another referred to by Wm. Dunlap, Esq., in his History of New York, and fully detailed in a letter to Dr. Beck; this case was that of a certain Hannah Bradshaw, *alias Mem-of-War Nancy*; and we have the authority of a distinguished medical friend, to whom all the authorities from Hippocrates down to Louis, are as familiar as household things, for still another American case which occurred in the Bowery. Many others doubtless might be found, by going farther than Beck, who has supplied us with our authorities, and, which might be supposed, quite sufficient to establish the *fact* of what is called spontaneous combustion.

We find Devergie coming to the rescue of spontaneous combustion *apropos* to the testimony given by Bischoff and Liebig, in the late case of the Countess of Goelits, where these gentlemen, on testifying that the body of the Countess was burned *after* death, which proved to be true, took occasion to deny the trust-worthiness of any of the cases of human combustion on record. Devergie holds that spontaneous combustion does occur, and asserts that he has witnessed a case, and attempts a philosophical explanation of the phenomenon. The American Journal of Medical Sciences for January, quoting from the *Annales d'Hygiene*, is our authority for what Devergie says.

For those, who, during these cold winter and hot whiskey punch nights, may be nervously agitated by our sad history, and consequently spoil the enjoyment and proper mixture of their grog, which requires a cool head and steady hand, it may be consolatory to know that spontaneous combustion is not necessarily fatal, and may be *cured*. This well authenticated case proves all this beyond doubt. In 1822, says the veracious *Nouveau Journal de Medecine*, a blacksmith was returning home in the company of a young girl on a very hot afternoon, when all of a sudden his forefinger smarted him, and, on looking at it, he saw it blazing and smoking like a tallow candle; he put his thumb upon it to put it out, and it set that a blazing; he put it into his waistcoat pocket for the same purpose, and it burned a hole in that; he put into his breeches pocket and it burned that; he put into a bucket of water under the pump and it still blazed; he put it into the well, into the mud: it wouldn't go out; "put it into the holy water in the church," says the girl, who was a pious young woman; the blacksmith followed her advice: he did put it into the holy water, and it went out instantly.—*Literary World.*

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